

Dreams of 1981
by L. Steven Collier

**Dream of: 02 January 1981 "Out
Of Breath"**

I was staying in a room located next to a busy intersection. Another person (who at first appeared to be Steve Buckner, but who then appeared to be black) was staying with me. He was doing something and when I went to bed, I left the light on for him. I was in a big double bed, and after a while, the other fellow came and got in bed with me. I raised up and said, "Well, aren't you going to turn off the light?"

He replied, "No."

I said, "Well, you nigger. You fucking nigger."

I got up from the bed; but to turn off the light, I had to go outside to the other side of the street on the

opposite corner. I just had on my undershirt and undershorts, and without putting on any more clothes, I ran across the street. I seemed to be watching myself from above as I ran. I realized I had made a mistake by not putting on any clothes and going out in public with just my underclothes on.

I ran across the street and reached the light switch. Trucks and cars were parked there, and I thought I would stand behind them for a moment until the light turned red so I could run back across the street. I saw, however, that the light was blinking red, so I ran out into the street. Then the light turned green; since no cars were coming, however, I made it safely across the first two lanes. I was completely out of breath and I didn't know whether I would even make it

all the way. But finally I reached the other side.

I began thinking I hadn't been running much lately. But at least by doing this, I was jogging a little.

Dream of: 02 January 1981 (2)
"Headed To Law School"

I went to one of the upper floors of an office building (which also seemed like a library) in Portsmouth and stepped into a large room with many men in it busy at work. But I didn't see any chairs in the room. The floor was covered by carpet and the men were seated on it. But then I saw Marshall (a Portsmouth attorney) sitting at a desk in a corner and I went back by it.

I stretched out on the floor by the wall and began thinking and dozing at the same time. A man walked up and crowded rather close to where I was.

I then noticed many men working nearby. I sat up and watched them. They weren't reading any books but were only thinking. It was all mental work and seemed to be involved with business. But the place also seemed somewhat like a library. I saw one section with magazines and saw a whole row of foreign magazines. I looked for Der Spiegel but couldn't find a copy of it. I noticed a rock and roll magazine in French and some other foreign magazines. Several volumes of a French encyclopedia were there and although I didn't see it, I thought a German encyclopedia was also there. I thought about looking up some things in the German encyclopedia.

But then I received a telephone call from Tom Smith on a phone by Marshall's desk. I began talking with Smith. I noticed a fellow sitting close

to the phone seemed to be eaves dropping on what I said. But I didn't really care if anyone heard me. I asked Smith how he was. He wanted to know if I had his address. I began looking for it in my address book, which I had with me. It seemed like the area code was 513. I found the street number, but I couldn't find what state he lived in. I asked him what state he lived in, but he wouldn't tell me. He didn't seem to want me to know what his address was, although he was friendly when we talked. But suddenly he was no longer on the phone. I said, "Tom, Tom ...," but all I could hear was a faint buzz. So I hung up.

I left the building and then called Marshall at his home on the phone. He lived somewhere out behind the Scioto County fairgrounds near Lucasville, Ohio, on the other side of

the railroad tracks. I told him I was supposed to take a study course for three days before I could take a test to go to law school. I had received a letter which said I needed to bring someone along who could prove my identity. So I called up Marshall and asked him to be my witness. He said he would go.

I then boarded a van in order to go take the study course. Apparently I was going to go to Columbus and headed in the direction of Lucasville. About six other people were with me and they were also going to take the three day study course. But none of them needed any witnesses to prove who they were. Only I needed a witness. So we had to pick up Marshall. Obviously that was going to take up more time. I wished I had picked someone else instead of Marshall. I didn't want to bother him.

I wasn't exactly sure who was driving our vehicle. But one man there seemed to be in charge of the situation. The fellow who was sitting in back of me got out at Lucasville. We had to turn around and go back a ways to get to the other side of the track.

Finally I began driving, but I had a difficult time. It seemed as if the van wanted to turn over on me. The other fellows didn't know what to think about my driving. I was going very slow. It wasn't like driving a car. It was difficult to handle. After I had driven a ways, another fellow came up and took over.

When he began driving, however, it seemed as if we were on water, as if the road were made of water. I commented that it was like one of those boats which go over the swamps in Florida.

Finally the road seemed to turn back into a regular road. I saw one road diverge off to the left when we crossed the railroad tracks and I said, "Well should we take that road?"

Some said, "We could, but there is another one up here that is closer by the fairgrounds."

So we kept going and soon I could see the fairgrounds in the distance. And then I saw a little road going across the tracks and we took it. We drove on out through there a good ways. Finally we pulled up to the door of a nice house and opened the doors to the van right next to the house.

Marshall appeared and asked us if we wanted to come in. He said he could show us around the place. I said, "Well, we might as well look around."

I then noticed the Shah of Iran with us. He looked rather old and haggard

as he stepped from the van. He had gray hair. First we walked around through the main floor and then we went down into a large basement. About four men were sitting there in chairs. I felt very timid. I began looking at the men and I didn't know any of them. They all looked at me intently. They were older men and were all dressed in suits.

The men were talking about me, saying that I had been in jail in Puerto Rico. The Shah of Iran asked me if I had been jailed for drugs and I tried to explain to him what had happened.

I told him I had been in jail both in Puerto Rico and in Iran for smuggling cars. But I couldn't really explain it, and I didn't want to talk about it in front of all these men. I was apprehensive about my past and my having been in jail. I was afraid that

might somehow hinder my going to law school. I hushed up.

I then walked up to a man who was standing at a bar in the room. He had gray hair and was wearing a brown police uniform. I recognized him as someone whom I used to know in Portsmouth. I said, "Well, you look very different."

We shook hands and he said, "Yes." I then walked over to a green chair on the other side of the men.

Marshall was directing people around the room. A group of people arrived, among whom were some attractive, well dressed women whom I had once known in Portsmouth. They had never paid any attention to me before. But now one of them walked over and kissed me on the cheek. They were apparently impressed I was going to go to law school.

Dream of: 02 January 1981 (3)

"Invited To Play Music"

I was playing my flute while sitting in the front room of the Logan Street House. My mother was in the back room of the House. I stopped playing the flute and began reading the Bible. Someone knocked on the door. When

I answered it, four women were standing there. Two were older and two were young. When I asked them for whom they were looking, they didn't seem to know. When one of the women walked in, I said, "Well, I guess you just want to come on it."

They all walked in, sat down and began talking. One said she was the mother of a girl named Sue Clark whom I had once known in Portsmouth.

I quickly found out that they were looking for someone to play the flute

in a band which was going to be formed at Shawnee State University in Portsmouth. They were very polite about it. My flute was lying on the floor; obviously they wanted me to play in the band. I said, "Gee, I'd love to and if I were going to be here, I would. But I'm not going to be here much longer. I'm going to leave and go to school."

They seemed a little disappointed; after talking about it a little longer, they rose and started to leave. Just then my mother walked in, and they said to her, "Bye, Joann."

They left and my mother went with them.

Bev (my mother's friend) walked in. I was attracted to her. She said, "Well, I'm disappointed you won't be able to play music."

I said, "I am too."

I threw my arms around her, pulled her close to me and began rubbing against her. She didn't resist and let me hold her.

Dream of: 02 January 1981 (4)
"Broken Wings"

I was in a room full of people, including Paul McCartney and John Lennon. Lennon was dead and McCartney was eulogizing him. Lennon was raised up so his back was upright. I went over and sat down on his lap and listened to McCartney talk about him.

I had some Kennedy half dollars and I mentioned that Lennon had designed the back side of the half dollars, which pictured an eagle with a shield on its chest. One was very beautiful and I looked at it for a long time. Apparently the eagle on the coin was also on the inside dome of the capitol

building or the Sistine chapel. It reminded me of the Sistine chapel. I tried to read some words on the coin which appeared to be Latin. But I couldn't make out exactly what they said.

Someone began singing, "Blackbird singing in the dead of night. Take these broken wings and learn to fly."

I then left and went to the prison where the man who had killed Lennon was being held. It seemed like a mental institution. We were outside and snow was all around. The other prisoners were gathering around Lennon's murderer and were throwing snowballs at him. Some policemen dressed in red uniforms were trying to protect the murderer from the prisoners throwing snowballs. I was also going to throw snowballs at him.

The murderer made it to the top of a small hill. We surrounded him and were just about to crash snowballs all over him. The red guards finally made it to the top of the hill. They had been trying to make it up and had been falling back and picking themselves up and then falling down again. But right when we were ready to clobber the murderer, they reached him and we were unable to do anything to him.

Dream of: 05 January 1981
"Learning English"

I was in bed sitting next to a girl who was teaching English. She had long brown hair and was a bit overweight. She had the English book between her legs. She was wearing a skirt which had a slit in it which came almost to her pubic region. When I

put my hand on her leg, she protested, "No, no, you can't do that." I persisted and kept trying to put my hand on her leg. She slowly began to give in more each time I tried. I could tell she was soon going to capitulate. All at once I said, "I thought I heard a door slam."

She said it was nothing; but suddenly she jumped out of bed and said, "Oh no, I smell marijuana."

Apparently someone else was in the house. She said, "It must be my father. He's seen us."

Dream of: 05 January 1981 (2)
"Surrounded By Flutes"

Apparently I was staying in Patriot, Ohio. I was in the back seat of a car and was headed to the fair. Although a couple girls were sitting close to me in the crowded back seat, I didn't talk with them. My first cousin Alan

climbed into the back seat and then the girls began talking with me.

I asked her what she did at the fair and she said she worked in a booth. She also said she had had sex with a man there. I asked her about the man and she said he was about 60 years old. I began thinking I might easily be able to take her away from the old man.

I already had my hand on her leg and I could feel her stocking underneath her pants. From the way she was talking, I inferred she liked me. But Alan said he thought she liked him and that she talked to him every time he came around. I knew Alan was already married, but he said his being married didn't matter and that he was interested in the girl.

We reached town and someone who worked in a music store (perhaps

Alan) had to get out of the car. We drove the car right into the middle of the store.

Still sitting in the car, I looked around and saw all kinds of . I also was wearing my flute tied to a string slung around my neck. But I couldn't seem to get the flute to stay on right and it kept falling over one shoulder to the side. I was also wearing my big blue coat, which bothered me.

Many other instruments were in the store, but the flutes captured my attention. I thought perhaps I should stay and investigate the flutes instead of going to the fair. I vacillated for a few minutes. Finally I asked Alan what he did after the store closed. I knew we weren't going to go to the fair until around 9 p.m., and the store closed at 5 p.m. Alan said he just stayed around and read. I told Alan I knew where the library was and I

could go there and read after the store closed.

I finally decided to stay and I climbed out of the car. I began looking at the wide variety of flutes. There were large fat flutes with holes in them which could be covered with one's fingers and then there were little flutes. Some flutes were gold-colored.

I picked up one big fat flute and began trying to play it. A sound came out, but not much more. It was the kind of flute which is blown into from the end.

I found a small gold-colored flute about the size of a pencil and about as long as two pencils. It was on sale for \$30 dollars. I began playing it. It had the keys like a regular flute. I could get the low tones out of it and they sounded OK. But I couldn't get the high tones out. I picked up another flute which looked like a

recorder. I blew into the end of it, but I was unsuccessful with it. I couldn't seem to find a regular flute, which was what I was looking for.

Dream of: 06 January 1981 "Bred To Kill"

I was near West Portsmouth near the road Dry Run. At first it seemed as if I were flying in an airplane. I ran out of gas, and perhaps landed the plane.

Ramey and Walls were nearby and they had car trouble. Their car wouldn't start. Ramey went and got a tractor and somehow used the tractor to help me. A girl was with Ramey. As he was backing out from where he had helped me, he had to go across a little bridge. When he did so, the tractor got stuck and its wheels began spinning. He couldn't go forward and he couldn't go backward.

Finally he jumped off the tractor and the tractor fell upside down into the shallow creek, which only covered the tractor about half way. I looked at the tractor, walked over to Ramey and said, "Well, you'll have to go and call a wrecker. And I'll pay for it."

I headed toward the house, but then I walked away. I saw a big German shepherd and it saw me at the same time. I tried to make it back to the car where Walls was. But the dog started running toward me. I fell over and played dead. It ran up, jumped on top of me and sat on me. It was big and heavy, and was hurting my leg. It started mauling me and stuck my hand in its mouth. It grabbed me by the back of the neck. It didn't break the skin, but it shook me very hard. As it sat on top of me, I was afraid to move and just lay there.

A little girl walked up and sat down beside me. She could see me and she seemed to be writing a book. I feebly whispered, "Little girl, can you help me? Will you please help me?"

She answered, "No. You don't deserve help."

She wouldn't do anything. She just sat there and wouldn't help me at all.

Finally I heard a car door slam and thought maybe Walls was going to do something. A little later a man came out of the house, came over to where I was, got the dog off me and told the dog to return to the house.

It did so. As soon as the dog had left, I grabbed the man by the arm, shook him and said, "You don't know what it's like to have a dog sit on top of you like that."

I sunk my fingernails into his skin and said, "And to maul you without actually sinking his teeth into you." But then I thought, "Wait a minute. What are you doing? He might call that dog back and the dog will see me shaking him and return."

I stopped and said, "You know that a dog like that shouldn't be let loose around where there are people."

He said, "Well, if it did that to you, then you are right."

The dog then returned, but it didn't attack me again. I said, "Don't you know that German Shepherds were bred to kill?"

Dream of: 06 January 1981 (2)
"Orange Felt Pen"

While in an unfamiliar nice house which seemed to be in Chillicothe, Ohio, I walked into a room where my mother and my sister were doing

their laundry. I myself wasn't interested in laundry and I criticized them for staying busy all the time doing their clothes.

I left and walked down the street until I came to an intersection with two red and white one-way signs – one on each side of the street. Since the signs were turned the wrong way, I walked up to one and bent it back around so it pointed in the other direction.

While bending the sign, I noticed a cap on top of the sign pole and I knew gasoline was down inside the pole. Although the signs were just ordinary signs, I knew the gasoline was somehow used for them. After I had finished bending one sign, I intended to also bend back the other one, but then I decided not to fool with it.

I walked on and decided to return to the house where my mother and my sister were. I could see a house in the distance which looked like the Gay Street House; my mother and my sister were going into it. Since I wanted to speak with them I headed toward the house. When I reached the house it still seemed like the Gay Street House, but also reminded me of the Gallia County Farmhouse. A bridge was in front of the house, but the bridge wasn't a small one like the one in front of the Farmhouse. This bridge was large with big trucks rolling across it. The noisy trucks made me wonder whether more trucks would be coming that way because I had changed the signs. I decided the changed signs wouldn't affect the traffic there.

I walked onto the porch, stood and looked out over the street. I was

carrying a copy of the 1980 Motion Picture Almanac; I dropped the book off the porch into some weeds amidst what appeared to be some rose bushes. I walked off the porch and I tried to retrieve the book; as I reached into the bushes, I got a briar in my finger. After I managed to grab the book, I walked back onto the porch, put it down and began trying to extract the briar from my finger.

An attractive smartly-dressed girl walked out of the house. Apparently the house was a duplex and another family was living on the side the girl had come out of. I glanced at her, but I didn't say anything. I thought maybe when she saw my book she might have some interest in that type of subject and want to talk with me about it; but she didn't say anything. I was wearing some nice light-blue slacks and a nice sweater. On my

head I had a little hood which seemed like an elegant gray pilot's hood.

I turned to look at the street; the bridge was no longer there. Instead there was just a brick street on the other side of which was a wall which looked like the inside wall of a house. A mantel was on the wall and sitting on the mantel were several sculptures of heads. Over the mantel were hanging several pictures.

I walked down the porch stairs toward the statues. I couldn't seem to keep my balance and I fell on my butt. Finally I made it to the statues and as I began looking at them, I suddenly thought I heard a voice call out. I turned around and I saw the girl stand up, then sit down on her butt and slide down the porch stairs.

When she reached the bottom I thought, "Well maybe she's crippled."

She stood back up, walked over to me and said, "Here's your pen."

In her hand she had an orange felt pen which I apparently had dropped. She started to turn to leave. I wanted to talk to her and I wondered whether I should tell her to stay and talk with me.

Dream of: 07 January 1981
"Contact"

I had been contacted by God, who informed me I should visit the home of Wandelisa (a black-haired beauty in her early 20s whom I had met in Puerto Rico in late 1980). God made clear my visiting Wandelisa was proper, because something was amiss at Wandelisa's home. According to God, I shouldn't delay, but should forthwith talk to Wandelisa's parents about the situation.

I awoke and realized I had been dreaming. Since I knew God had actually contacted me in the dream, I promptly decided to heed God's message and visit Wandelisa's parents, even though I knew by taking this step, I would be defying the wishes of Wandelisa, whom I hadn't known long.

I had recently taken a position teaching English in a private school in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Wandelisa, an attractive and shapely Puerto Rican with long jet hair, was also teaching at the school, and I had become attracted to her. I had suggested to Wandelisa I might visit her at her home; but she had declined, explaining that she was still living with her parents and a retarded brother, and that her father forbade her seeing anyone.

Now that I had received the message from God in a dream, however, I resolved to visit Wandelisa's home anyway. With my tape recorder attached to a strap hung over my shoulder, I set out. It didn't take long to find Wandelisa's parents - as I walked down a San Juan street, I discovered them sitting in a parked car, Mr. Castaneda in the driver's seat and Mrs. Castaneda in the front passenger seat. Although I had never met the Castanedas, I slid into the back seat, where a small boy and girl were already sitting. The Castanedas didn't seem to mind my boarding their car without invitation, and once I was ensconced in my seat, Mr. Castaneda pulled the car out and drove down the road.

I assumed that the Castanedas were headed toward their home, and that we could talk there. They somewhat

reminded me of the parents of Carolyn (a girlfriend from Ohio whom I had met while working at the Census Bureau in 1980). However, when I tried to talk with the Castanedas, I realized they weren't as friendly as Carolyn's parents had always been. Hoping to warm them up, I finally declared, "Wandelisa told me that she didn't want me to see you, but I decided to go ahead anyway."

My words didn't produce the hoped-for effect. Instead of warming up, both Mr. and Mrs. Castaneda immediately clammed up. Obviously they hadn't realized I knew Wandelisa, and now that I had mentioned her name, the Castanedas seemed more unfriendly than ever. Since at least the little boy sitting in the back seat seemed affable, I turned and began talking with him. Thinking

he must be Wandelisa's little brother,
I recalled Wandelisa's having
mentioned his being retarded; but he
seemed perfectly normal to me.

Most of my attention, however, was
focused on the obviously upset Mr.
Castaneda. As he sped down a hill, I
worried we were traveling too fast.

Looking over his shoulder at the
speedometer, I saw it only registered
forty-five, which I thought was
measured in kilometers. Forty-five
wasn't excessive, but it was too fast
for me. However I didn't say
anything.

When we finally reached the bottom
of the hill, the Castanedas still
wouldn't speak to me, and they
remained silent even as we drove into
a small town, ever closer to their
home. As unfriendly as they were
acting, I was beginning to suspect the
Castanedas had no intention of

conveying me to their home. Increasingly concerned about how I would return to San Juan, I finally asked if any buses traveled back to San Juan from this little town. Mr. Castaneda replied that a bus left at 11:30 at night. Since it was still early in the evening, I concluded I would just have to wait. Then Mr. Castaneda added that a bus might also leave at nine o'clock.

By then it was clear the Castanedas simply planned to drop me off somewhere. They finally pulled into the parking lot of a store, obviously intending for me to get out. When the car stopped, I stepped out and quipped, "Well, it's been nice meeting you. It's certainly been different."

Once I was free of the car, the Castanedas simply pulled off and left me standing in the parking lot. Seeing little alternative, I turned, headed

toward the store, reached the store and walked inside. I was at first disoriented, until I realized that instead of a store, the building actually housed a bar containing several rooms packed with young patrons. As I stood perplexed, a girl stepped up, threw her arms around me and declared, "Well, look what we've got here."

Although several pretty girls adorned the room, the one who had embraced me was decidedly unattractive – a couple teeth even appeared to be missing. Shrugging her off, I walked into the next room, where people were standing at a bar. Among them lolled two lovely ladies, one of whom was talking on a phone. I stepped up to one and asked if she could tell me where the bus station was. When she didn't answer, a courteous fellow sitting nearby volunteered that the

bus station was in the next room. He pointed out a door and indicated I simply needed to pass through it.

I headed to the door, and once through it, I spotted a room to my left which appeared to be the bus station.

I headed toward the room, planning to buy a ticket back to San Juan. I felt terrible, unsure how I would explain to Wandelisa everything which had happened. She had warned me not to visit her parents, and justifying my having broken her trust would be difficult. This would probably be the end of our friendship.

Dream of: 07 January 1981 (2)

"The Lord's Name"

My mother and I were in the Gallia County Farmhouse. Since it was already night, she and I were getting ready to go to bed, but just as we were about to turn in, my mother

warned me that something outside the Farmhouse was frightening her. I

ignored her, thinking there was nothing outside which would bother us, and my mother didn't pursue the subject. Instead, she simply left the room and went to bed. I also began preparing to go to sleep and I made a bed for myself on the floor, where I

had lately taken to sleeping. No sooner had I lain down, however, than

I heard a frightening noise outside the Farmhouse. I immediately stood back up, walked into the kitchen at the rear of the Farmhouse, and

peered out the back window. As I gazed down the back hillside into the darkness, I could barely distinguish four faint figures playing beside the barn at the bottom of the hill. The

figures resembled four children and eerily, one even looked like me. From somewhere outside, a scary voice

floated in, repeating my name,
"Steven ... Steven ..."

Frightened, I rushed out of the kitchen to my grandfather's gun case in the next room. I pulled out several shotguns from the case and began examining them, but I knew nothing about the guns or how to use them; I didn't even know how to load them.

Abandoning the guns, I tried to muster my courage. Curious for a better peek at the figures, I again ventured back into the kitchen, and finally even stepped out onto the back porch. I was immediately greeted by a jarring noise which swelled stronger and louder until I realized something was terribly amiss. I frantically dashed back into the kitchen, barely managing to slam the door shut behind me, just as it was forcibly besieged by a pack of attacking animals. When I caught a glimpse of

one animal, which resembled a huge pig, I began shrieking, "Mother! Mother!"

My mother, awakened by my screams, jolted into the kitchen, but she didn't help me. Instead, when she saw me holding the door shut, she snarled, "You broke my God damned door!"

I was incensed by her loathsome imprecation. I seized her and threw her onto the floor. As I held her down, I explosively demanded, "What did you say?" She looked ancient and haggard, as if she might be in her 80s. I groaned, "You're going to die pretty soon and you're still taking the Lord's name in vain?"

Suddenly she realized what she had said. She had spoken without thinking. When I sensed that she

regretted her words, I released my grip and let her up.

Dream of: 08 January 1981
"Unable To Connect"

I was at the Gay Street House. It was the day after Epiphany and crowds of small children were running through the streets headed for the park. I couldn't tell exactly what was going on.

I learned my father needed to hire a girl to work for him. I knew there was a girl in Patriot who had worked for him before and I decided to call her. I had my grandfather Liston's phone number and I knew I could reach the girl by calling him. I dialed the number, but instead of Liston, someone else answered. The person said he was Luther Burnett. I knew Burnett lived about three house away from the House in Patriot. I asked him

how he was and then told him I had the wrong number.

Two numbers seemed different between Burnett's number and Liston's. Burnett said I had gotten the wrong number because the lines were very busy and that the wind was probably blowing the telephone lines. I hung up and tried again. That time I reached a different person in Patriot.

That person was a man who began telling me he needed someone to talk to. But I didn't have time to talk with him and hung up.

Finally I decided to call the operator and have her put the call through for me. She told me that all the lines were busy and that she couldn't put the call through. I told her I had just made two calls and that I had gotten the wrong number even though I had dialed correctly. She told me if I

wanted my money back, I would have to go to an office downtown and file an application. I said, "Well that is ridiculous. I'm not going all the way downtown and stand in line for an hour and then file an application and then maybe I would get my money back. That's ridiculous."

Dream of: 08 January 1981 (2)
"Tidal Wave"

As my father and I were standing on a pier close to the ocean's shore, we looked out over the sea and far off on the horizon I saw some intriguing cloud formations which sometimes appeared white and sometimes black. One formation began to swirl around in a circle like a tornado. I pointed it out to my father, but he didn't seem to think it was a tornado.

I began seeing certain pictures and shapes in the clouds. Some looked

like ships, although I knew it was just my imagination.

My father left. I got into the back of a parked van. My uncle George was in the front of the van. I continued looking out over the ocean and noticed to my left a gigantic tidal wave heading toward the shore. It didn't look as if the tidal wave were going to hit the section of the land where we were. I watched the huge tidal wave crash into the shore, then looked up and saw a second tidal wave heading straight toward us.

I quickly began thinking, "Well, if this tidal wave hits us, George is crippled, so he won't be able to swim. I'll have to save him."

I quickly realized, however, that I couldn't possibly save George and that if I tried, we would both drown.

Suddenly the tidal wave hit and smashed all around us. All the windows of the van were rolled up, so no water came in, but the van and the surrounding land were completely covered by water. I began thinking of things I could do. I could probably open up the door and as the water pushed in, I could swim to the surface. I thought about being up on top of the water and looking at the water all over the land. I thought I could dive down and find banks and jewelry stores. I could then break the windows of the jewelry stores and take the jewelry. I could go into the banks and take the money in them. As I thought about that for a while, I found I was actually holding a bag of jewels and a big wad of money in my hand. As I tried to decide what to do with the jewelry and money, the water receded from the land. I

decided I should hide the loot and come back for it later, because the police might be looking for people who had taken jewelry and money. I tried to think of places where I could hide it. I had a car and I thought I could open up the trunk, take out the spare tire, let out the air and put the money and jewelry inside the tire. I could tape it so it wouldn't jangle around and then I could put the tire back in the trunk.

As I thought about it, some policemen suddenly showed up and wanted to know where the money was. I didn't have it in my hand anymore. I took them to the back of a gigantic white building which seemed like a church. I pulled open a door on the ground which led to a cellar and said, "The money is down there."

It looked rather nice and light down in the cellar. It even appeared as if it

might be an underground bath, full of water. When the policemen went down, I slipped away.

Dream of: 08 January 1981 (3)
"House On Fire"

As I was walking down a street, I looked at a house and noticed smoke coming out of it. I ran to the house to see if it was on fire and began banging on the door, which had metal bars on it preventing me from entering. The smoke was pouring out of the top part of the house. I ran back down and hollered to someone, "Call the fire department."

But no one would call the fire department. So I went back up to the house and this time found the front door open. A woman was now with me and together we entered the house. We went through the whole house trying to find where the fire

was. There were seven or eight rooms. But we simply couldn't find the fire. Finally we went back outside and saw that no smoke was now coming from the house. I thought, "Well, I don't know what happened. There wasn't a fire but if the people come home who own this house, they will wonder what we were doing in it."

As soon as I thought that, two old women who owned the house returned home. I hollered to some other people there to call the fire department and tell them not to come because the house wasn't on fire. I then took the woman who had gone into the house with me over to the side and said, "Well, maybe we can just tell them that there was a fire and we put it out, even though there wasn't. Otherwise they'll think that

we were in their house for some
mischievous reason."

Dream of: 09 January 1981
"Roasted Alive"

I was taken prisoner by two men with guns and held in a house in Patriot, Ohio. I managed to escape and as I ran down the road, I saw Tommy Moss burger (a Gallia county farmer whom I first met in 1961 when I was eight years old) standing by the side of the road doing some work. When I asked him if I could use his phone to call the sheriff, he answered, "Sure." I walked inside the house, called the sheriff, and told him that I had been kidnapped by two men, that I had escaped and that the men had then left. I told him the men were driving a semi-truck with a red cab and I told him which direction I thought the men had gone. I thought the sheriff

might be able to catch the kidnappers if he acted swiftly.

Since I knew that two other people had also been held by the men and had left earlier, I said, "Maybe you already had a report about them."

I next found myself in a Hare Krishna temple located somewhere in the country. A celebration was taking place and many Hare Krishnas were present, but some weren't doing exactly what they should have been doing. When one of them gave me a tablet of LSD, I wondered if I should take it. Then I took it. As soon as I had swallowed it, I began looking around at the people there and realized I didn't want to stay. I felt as if I were a prisoner. I tried to leave, but they wouldn't let me.

The temple was quite large. I began walking from one room to the other

trying to figure out how to leave, but all the doors were locked. Finally I found an open door and quickly slipped out, but a large Hare Krishna man who intended to stop me was standing outside. I pointed to something in the distance, and as he looked away, I kicked him in the testes. He doubled up and I took off running.

I ran across a large field which had been plowed and sown with small plants. I ran along a small woods beside the field until I finally reached Patriot again. I found myself running down the same road I had earlier run down when I had seen Tommy Mossburger, but this time I saw a Hare Krishna temple right there in Patriot, smaller than the one from which I had just escaped.

I walked into the temple, which seemed to have several rooms, but I

didn't see any Hare Krishnas. I went into the front room and suddenly a Hare Krishna appeared. When I saw him, I said, "What are you doing here?"

He started walking toward me and then I saw another Hare Krishna. I then realized they were going to try to capture me. I grabbed a thick bamboo stick over two meters long and began swinging it at them trying to knock them back. I used the stick adroitly, but suddenly Hare Krishnas appeared all around me. I hit them and knocked them down with the stick as I tried to escape. Suddenly I realized it was hopeless. I began thinking, "Well, they will probably tie me in mid-air and build a fire under me and try to roast me alive."

I thought that might not be so terrible because maybe the police would come while the Hare Krishnas were

doing that to me. The police would see that the Hare Krishnas were doing something bad. Then the police would go to the other temple where there were also some Hare Krishnas who wanted to leave, and the police could rescue them.

Dream of: 10 January 1981 "New Project"

I was in Columbus, Ohio thinking about a new project. I wanted to gather together a group of about 20 men to buy residential houses. If 20 men who individually didn't have much money each put up \$500, they would have \$10,000 and could make a down payment on a house.

After the house had been bought, a lottery could be held among the men to determine which of the 20 could live in the house. Each man could put his name in a hat and one name could

be drawn. The man whose name was drawn could live in the house, even though the house would still be owned by all the men together. Every person would have an equal chance, but only one person would win.

Each of the 20 men would continue paying about \$50-\$100 each month into the group fund. Part of the money would be used for payments on the house. Any money left over would accumulate until enough money was available to make a down payment on a second house. Then the whole process of drawing names would begin again.

Buckner dropped in and I told him I had been to a museum earlier in the day. I asked him if he ever went to the museum. He said he didn't because no one ever invited him. I said, "Well, I would have invited you, but I thought for sure that you had

gone before. You've lived in Columbus for such a long time."

He said he had never gone. I continued talking with him and began to explain my idea of buying houses through a corporation. I told him as soon as I became a lawyer, I would be able to draw up the necessary papers for such an organization.

Dream of: 17 January 1981
"Heading To Law School"

While standing on the corner of the plaza in Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico, I saw Lynn Snyder (an acquaintance I had met in 1969) standing nearby drinking some beer and talking with some people. I said hello; he said hello back. I asked him what he was doing and he just laughed. When I noticed a little push mail cart near him, I said, "Oh you're pushing this little mail cart around."

He laughed and said, "Yea."
He was wearing a mailman's uniform;
he clearly was working for the post
office. It seemed rather strange that
he was working and drinking alcohol
at the same time, but I didn't say
anything.

He said he was going out into the
country to visit a friend, and he
invited me to go along. Since I didn't
have anything to do, I decided to
accompany him. We both boarded a
Volkswagen and drove off. I realized
we were in the green woods of
Shawnee forest in Scioto County,
Ohio. We passed a few little houses
and then arrived at a small group of
four house trailers. I thought at first
Snyder's friend lived in the first one,
but the friend actually lived in the
fourth trailer. Snyder pulled up in
front of the fourth trailer and said,
"Oh, no, I don't think that he is here."

We stopped and got out. The trailer wasn't locked and we went inside. It was rather large and quite nice inside.

When we decided to wait a little while, Snyder pulled out a baggie of marijuana, rolled up a joint and asked me if I wanted to smoke any. I wanted to smoke, but I told him I had quit. I was trying to think whether I had really quit. I decided I had definitely quit and I didn't want to start smoking marijuana again. He asked me if I wanted to drink some alcohol and I said I didn't want to drink, that I hadn't drunk any alcohol in a long time and that I didn't drink anymore. He seemed a little perturbed because I wasn't going to drink or smoke, but he didn't say anything.

I looked at the marijuana again and wanted to smoke. I asked him if it was

any good. He said it was. I said,
"Well, is it real good?"

He said, "Well, it's good."

I thought perhaps I could buy a couple joints to take with me, but I really didn't want to smoke anymore.

We sat for a little while; Snyder began smoking and continued drinking.

When I asked him what kind of vehicle his friend had, he said it was a red truck. I looked down the road.

Able to see for quite a distance, I spotted a red vehicle coming. At first I thought it was a truck and said,
"Well, your friend is coming."

He said, "Oh, good."

As the vehicle came closer, I saw it was a big red funny-looking school bus. It didn't have sides on it, and it didn't have any seats. As it passed by

without stopping, the students were standing up inside it.

The bus stopped. A fellow walked into the house, but he wasn't Snyder's friend. He seemed like someone I knew and I thought his name was Rusty.

Snyder's friend then pulled up in a big red truck, climbed out and walked into where I was. He said hello to Snyder and shook hands with him. I said, "My name's Steve Collier." He seemed to be homosexual. I also thought Snyder was homosexual; I thought, "Oh, two gays."

The fellow was about 40 years old, but he didn't look that old.

I wanted to leave and go home. Snyder and Rusty continued drinking and smoking. I began thinking, "Well, I've gotten myself into a bad situation now and I just want to go home."

When I asked Snyder when he was going to leave, he said, "In a little while."

I asked Rusty when he was going to go home and he said, "Pretty soon." I said, "Well, maybe I'll go home with him."

Rusty said it would take an hour or two to get home. I said, "It won't take an hour or two to get back to Portsmouth."

He said they were going to take a different route this time.

When Snyder finally decided to leave, Rusty decided to ride with Snyder rather than drive himself. We walked to Snyder's car and Rusty got into the front seat with Snyder. I climbed into the back seat and we took off down the road. We went for a little ways and then stopped at a gas station. We used the pump and I watched the

numbers spin around on the pump. Snyder filled up the tank because he didn't know how much gas he had. The price came to a little over three dollars.

Rusty said that he knew the fellow operating the gas station and that he occasionally saw the fellow in town. As we pulled out of the gas station, we seemed to be in a little go-cart rather than the Volkswagen. The go-cart didn't move quickly down the road. It also seemed as if the fan belt of the go-cart were rubbing against one of the black shoes which I was wearing.

As we rode along, I asked Snyder how long he had been working for the post office. He said, "Two years."

I said, "Well, didn't you work for the post office once before?"

He said he had worked for it once before for about three years. I said, "Well, you've worked for five years then. You have five years of work toward your pension."

He said, "Oh yea, I've got five years toward my pension and towards blue cross and things like that."

I asked Snyder if he knew I was going to go back to school. He answered, "No."

I said, "Yea, I'm going to go to law school."

Rusty said, "Oh yea, I heard about that."

I asked Rusty how he had heard about it and he said John Estepp had told him. I thought John Estepp was my mother's lawyer and that my mother must have told John Estepp; but Rusty said, "You won't be able to study the right kind of law."

I replied, "Yea, I'm going to a real good law school."

He said, "Well, you'll just be studying gentlemen's law."

I said, "No, as soon as I graduate, I'll be able to take the bar examination and become a full-fledged lawyer."

Dream of: 18 January 1981 "Baby For Sale"

I was outside the House in Patriot.

Someone living in the House had been selling some things at a sale. I

began climbing a ladder up to the window to the attic. When I reached the attic window and looked inside, I saw many things which were going to be sold. I climbed into the attic.

Someone had been working here with some electric wires and had left a pair of pliers and a couple other tools.

A big tool box was also sitting in the attic. I thought I might buy the tools

because everything was being sold so cheap. People seemed to be paying a certain price to take just about anything they wanted. The tool box was a double decker one and was filled with tools. I began gathering the tools lying around the electric wire.

I found a little box containing many brushes, the type of brushes which could be fastened to an electric motor to brush something. I dumped the brushes out on the floor. I began taking several wrenches, a channel wrench and several other tools out of the big box and putting them into my box.

I climbed back down the ladder with the box of tools. Somebody there had a little baby boy. Apparently he belonged to someone in the Swivel family who lived across the street. The person handed me the baby

(probably 5-6 months old) and I held him in my arms. He stuck his fingers in his mouth and tried to stick my dirty fingers in his mouth. Dirt was under my fingernails and I didn't want to put my finger in his mouth. Someone said the baby belonged to the Swivers, but that it was to be included in the things to be sold. If I wanted, I could take the baby.

The baby wore a red top with white diapers. I held it slung in my left arm. My sister was there and I told her to go back up to the attic and get the big tool box which I had left up there. I wanted to take it also.

As I stood on the grass holding the baby, I began seriously thinking perhaps I would take the baby, keep it and raise it like my own son. I began thinking it would be difficult if I were going to go to school because I

would be unable to take care of it during the day, and I would have to hire someone to take care of it. I thought, "Well, it probably wouldn't eat much, so I could just feed it without too much trouble."

Dream of: 19 January 1981
"Center Of Attention"

I was in a carpeted classroom which seemed slightly different from the room in which I had been living in Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico. (a college suburb next to San Juan). I was sitting in a semi-circle with four or five other people. I didn't know what kind of class it was, but Rembert Glass was teaching it (Rembert had been my college philosophy professor).

I had a notebook containing three or four written dreams. I read a couple dreams to the others, but not the last

two, one of which had something to do with the Spanish word "pudgier." Rembert made some comments about dreams. He said something about listing them in two columns, like an "in" column and an "out" column.

The following day I returned to the class. This time only about three or four people, including Rembert, were there. A couple people were different from those of the previous day. I sat more or less in the back of the class.

Wanting to read my dreams to Rembert, I became somewhat perturbed when he began talking about something else.

When two people began playing a little radio which Rembert had, I rose and said I couldn't hear because of the radio. As I sat back down, I said, "Well, you're going to insist on playing that radio."

Rembert looked at me and said,
"Well, that might not be my radio. I
think you're making an illogical
statement."

Rembert's words made me a little
angry at first, but then I realized the
radio belonged to the fellow sitting
next to Rembert. I said to Rembert,
"Well, I thought you were the one in
charge of the class."

When Rembert still didn't say
anything to the fellow playing the
radio, the fellow picked up the radio
and played it even louder. Finally,
however, the fellow turned the radio
down some.

When a tall handsome strong fellow
entered the room and gave his name,
Rembert immediately said, "I'd like
you to meet Steve Collier."

I walked across the room and shook
the fellow's hand. When Rembert said

the fellow could speak Spanish, he and I exchanged a few words in Spanish. Then he said, "Glad to meet you."

He seemed a little confused as to why Rembert had introduced me and why Rembert hadn't introduced anyone else to him (the fellow). A girl in the room giggled as if that were funny.

She seemed to think there was something unique about me which the fellow hadn't yet realized. She thought that was funny about being the center of attention again, I walked back across the room to where I had been.

Dream of: 20 January 1981
"Unable To Accept Criticism"

I awoke at Patriot (the small Gallia County, Ohio village where my parents were living when I was conceived). Having planned to go

somewhere with my father and my mother, I departed with them in a car which my father was driving. My mother was sitting in the middle of the front seat while my crippled brother Chris sat on the passenger side of the front seat. I was riding in the back seat. We traveled down country roads, ascending and descending little hills.

My mother commented that my father thought I had some problems. She said he thought I was a "druggie." I patted my father on the back and said, "Well, I guess that makes two of us then. If I'm a druggie, you sure are too."

My mother went on to explain **why** my father thought I was a druggie. She said when he would walk into my room, it would smell like smoke and there would be ashes or evidence

around my desk that I had been smoking.

As we continued riding along, my mother pointed out a couple other of my traits which my father thought were odious. When she finished her commentary, I thought it was my turn. I said maybe it was true that I had some problems - but my father had problems too. The difference between us was that his problems were much more deeply rooted than mine.

As soon as I had begun talking about my father's problems, I could see that he was becoming angry. I told him his worst problem was that he couldn't accept criticism. When I said that, he became more angry.

My brother Chris (enjoying the whole conversation) smiled while he listened to us. As we continued riding

along, my father became angrier and angrier because I was criticizing him.

Dream of: 20 January 1981 (2) "El Mundo"

I walked into a grocery store approximately where the Shaffers grocery store used to be on Eleventh Street in Portsmouth, Ohio. As I entered, I saw a newspaper rack and picked up a copy of the Portsmouth Times and a copy of El Mundo. I took both papers to the counter with me and laid them down. I thought El Mundo was only going to cost 35 cents, but the man behind the counter said it cost a \$1.50. The date of the paper was August 28. I thought today's date was September 1. The paper was a Saturday paper and it was presently Monday. So I thought the paper was already three days old. I had intended to buy the paper even

though it was old, but when the man said it cost \$1.50, I said, "Well, no. I don't want it."

I told him the paper was old and I thought it only cost 35 cents. He said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have it for a dollar."

I said, "No, I still don't think I want it."

I put the paper back on the rack. I thought about mentioning to him that El Mundo was the best paper in Mexico.

I went ahead and bought the Portsmouth Times. As I headed out of the store, I noticed a rack with books on it. I stopped in front of the rack and began looking at the books. Several books were about ancient history. On the front of the books were some pictures of some ruins. One book had pictures of some Greek

Caryatids on the cover. Another book was about Segovia and the landscape around Segovia. Some other books were about some churches. For a moment I thought maybe I could buy some books and cut out pictures for collages, but they didn't have much to offer and they were too expensive.

At the bottom of the rack was a book which said something about sex.

When I opened it and looked at it, I saw it was all words with no pictures.

It didn't interest me.

I left the store and headed down the road. I began thinking perhaps I could buy some little treat for my mother, perhaps something sweet; but I didn't want to buy anything with sugar in it. I thought about all the years my mother had bought things for me with sugar in them. I also thought how Carolyn had called me a

spoiled brat one day. Maybe I was a spoiled brat.

Dream of: 21 January 1981 "Rules Of Grammar"

I encountered Hidalia Velazquez (a Puerto Rican acquaintance), who was preparing to teach English grammar to a person who knew English but who didn't know the rules of grammar. I asked her what she was going to teach and she said she would begin by teaching such things as subject, predicate and so on. I asked her what kind of sentences she was going to teach and she said she was going to begin with sentences like, "He put the glass of water on the table."

I said, "No, that's too complicated. You have to begin with more simple sentences with simply subject and predicate."

I gave her some examples. I said, "Just use subject and predicate like, 'I saw, he went, they went, we came, et cetera.' Then you go on to subject, predicate, object."

I used the example, "I hit the wall." Then I used other examples like, "I saw the man. We heard the news." I used several other little examples. Finally she asked, "What about the word 'the'?"

I said, "Well, 'the' is an adjective." She asked me how I knew all that and I said, "I just simply had it drilled into me when I was in school."

Then we went on and I said, "Next you introduce the word 'give'. You say 'He gave the glass to me'." So we'll be introducing indirect objects. First we have objects, and then we have indirect objects."

Hidalia and I were sitting on a bed. I was getting ready to explain to her more about indirect objects when another girl walked up. I knew the other girl. She had Brunette hair and reminded me somewhat of a girl with whom I had gone to high school. As she sat down on the edge of the bed, I lost my balance and began toppling off the edge. Just as I was about to hit the ground, she caught me in mid-air.

I was hanging there with my arms around her. She pulled me off the bed, held me in mid-air and began turning around and around in circles. We exchanged some words and I said, "Well, this is a sexy position."

I had my arm on her back and began rubbing her back while we were spinning around. With the other arm I began rubbing her hand because it was in her hand. She was wearing a black silk dress and I could feel her

skin underneath the dress. It felt very pleasant. As she was turning around, one of her hands was pushed all the way between my legs, so I could feel her hands touching my testes. It was an erotic feeling. She almost had her hand on my penis, but not quite. We kept turning around and around and around. I didn't become dizzy, but I did become aroused.

Dream of: 21 January 1981 (2)
"Fatherless Child"

I was in a house which apparently was my mother's. An attractive young lady (about 20 years old) who looked like Birdie (but also seemed like Carolyn) was there. Apparently she was pregnant by me. A little boy was also there who was hers. This same boy was the child with which she was now pregnant: somehow she was

pregnant and the child had already been born at the same time.

My sister also had a baby boy in the house. Both little boys appeared to be about two years old, but their proportions were different from two-year olds. They were walking around the house and I was playing with them. I held my sister's little boy and walked around with it. I lay down on my back on the floor in the living room and Birdie's little boy came in and stood on my chest. It held my right index finger in its left hand and in its other hand it held my left index finger. He stood on my chest balancing himself. His head seemed quite large and occupied about a third of the length of his body. His head had wrinkles in it and he seemed old. I thought the baby was out of proportion, but I didn't know if

I should say anything to Birdie,
because she might not like that.

Birdie passed through the room. She
had long black hair. She was wearing
red lipstick and a white dress. Her
stomach was puffed out. Her face
looked radiantly beautiful.

I talked with her. She was concerned
about getting married and she was
wondering how she was going to get
married. I definitely wasn't going to
marry her.

Someone told me the boy had been
born on February sixth. It was now
around February the twentieth. So
the baby was only a couple weeks old.

My sister's little boy wasn't much
older than that.

Birdie and I were standing on a
balcony. She came up and I put my
arm around her. I felt a little sorry for
her, but I had no intention whatever

of marrying her. When we walked back inside, I said to my sister, "Well, people just don't know what they do, do they."

Basically I was referring to Birdie's having become pregnant. And now she didn't have a father for the baby.

Dream of: 21 January 1981 (3)

"Dance Group"

I was with about 10 young men and women (in their early 20s) who belonged to a dance group. We were all dancing around and in the middle of the dancing, people began taking off their clothes. Soon some of us were nude. The whole thing turned into a big orgy. I ended up with an attractive girl. She soon had her top off exposing her breasts. For a while I thought her pants were off and she was completely nude. But she wasn't. I had just imagined it.

Quite a bit of sexual activity was going on all around me. I was alone with the girl for a little while. I kissed her and became more and more aroused. She took off all her clothes, revealing her shapely figure. But I didn't have sex with her.

We went to the rear of the group where a wild orgy was taking place.

People were having sex and performing all kinds of sexual acts around me.

My girl went into the middle of the orgy, although I didn't want her in there with those other people. I wanted to be alone with her. Black and white people were there. One girl was performing fellatio on a fellow and the girl with whom I had been began kissing the same fellow. I then pulled her away from him and pulled her over to the side. Then she and I left and went to a motel room.

Dream of: 22 January 1981 "Plate Of Food"

While in a downtown section of Columbus, I walked into the portico of a movie theater, looked at the advertisements and saw a double feature was playing. I looked at the names and knew the stars in the movies. Both were American movies. The times of the movies were listed. I wondered if I should go, but then I thought, "Well, they're going to be in English and I don't want to waste my time watching them."

So I left and went to a nearby Ramada Inn. I went into the restaurant and sat down at one of the many empty tables. On the table was already some salad and something which looked like a little tiny piece of fish about three or four centimeters square. I was hungry. I picked up the

fish and ate it. I immediately felt badly about it because I hadn't eaten meat in a long time. Then I began eating salad.

A girl who reminded me of Becky (a Chillicothe acquaintance) walked up.

She was dressed in a little ornate beige dress which was all flared out. It had all kinds of frills on it. She sat down next to me. I was surprised to see her. I said, "Well, I've met you before. I've met you in Portsmouth. I've met you in Teheran. And I've met you someplace else and now here I meet you here for the fourth time."

I was really amazed.

The waitress then came over. She looked exactly like the girl sitting beside me. I was almost in a state of shock. I hollered out, "You mean there's two of you?"

Many people were now sitting around at the other tables eating. They all turned and looked. Another couple was even sitting at my table. I told the waitress that I didn't want anything else and that I just wanted to eat what was there. I then noticed both girls now had bright red hair. I said, "Oh yea, I remember now. There's two of you."

The girl sitting there gave her order to the waitress and the waitress left. I was sitting on a kind of leather bench. I rolled over and laid my head on the bench and began trying to comprehend what was happening. The other couple at the table looked at me strangely and then I raised up. Some people walked by a window next to us and the girl said, "There's my husband."

I looked up and saw a fellow with a green shirt on walk by. He looked with his mouth open in surprise. He went by and the girl said, "I think I'd better go."

She rose, walked over to a crowd and disappeared. It looked to me as if she was just going into that little crowd and then she just disappeared into thin air. Apparently she had gone out the door. That caused a stir among the people sitting around me. They looked around at me and said, "Well, she's really going to leave him."

I asked the guy next to me, "Where'd she go?"

I looked at where she had been sitting and saw a plate full of food there.

Dream of: 25 January 1981

"Skiing Class"

With about 15 other people I was taking a university class on skiing,

learning to ski. Mohl (a Portsmouth acquaintance) was in the class. Some people seemed like my classmates from Highland Elementary School. We were on a hill in a park. When my turn came, I had to go from the top of the hill to the bottom on my hands and knees. I did it. The others likewise did it, but when one girl's turn came, she was unable to do it, because under the snow was a cover and the female teacher had to change the cover.

Dream of: 28 February 1981
"Aloha Girl"

I was in a gigantic room which was on a flying saucer flying through the air. All along the sides of the room was a space of about a third of a meter from the floor to the wall where there was nothing, so it would be possible for people to slide off the flying saucer

through that space. The flying saucer then began to land, and I slid over toward the wall and stuck my legs out through the open space. But someone said, "No, don't stick your legs out there, because you might hit something."

So I pulled my legs back in and almost immediately we landed. I slid on out of the flying saucer and landed up to my waist in some water, apparently in a swimming pool.

Apparently I was in Hawaii because an Hawaiian aloha girl was standing there waiting for me. I said, "Well are you the aloha girl to greet us?"

You said something to me in Spanish and I answered her. She then said, "Donde estabas?"

I answered, "In los Estados Unidos."

She asked, "Donde estaba ahora."

I answered, "In California."

She replied, "Oh, puedes hablar mucho espanol."

I answered, "Oh un poco."

She replied, "Well you can probably speak more than me. That's about all I know."

I said, "Ah, pensaba que tu pudieras hablar mucho espanol."

She said, "No, that's about it."

A fellow standing next to her in the water said, "Yea, I can speak a little Spanish, too."

Apparently the two were friends. The girl then put her arms around me and kissed me. She was a bit chubby and her lips were rather thick. I could see that she and I were going to get along and that we would probably spend time together.

Dream of: 03 March 1981 "Do You Like Art?"

While standing on a seashore which reminded me of Puerto Rico, I noticed some heavy earth moving machinery, perhaps a bulldozer, had pushed the rocks along the shoreline into a line which stood about five meters tall. It amazed me to see an area once covered by sand now only an extended pile of rocks.

It was quite cold and seemed like winter. Ice had even formed on the ocean a ways from shore, although no ice was near the shore. I looked out where the ice was and saw a hole in it rather far out from the shore. Some people standing near me said someone had fallen through the ice and hadn't come back up. The people just stood and looked.

Suddenly a fellow jumped into the water near the shore and began swimming toward the ice, even though the water was obviously

freezing. Along with him was a sleek, black dog. The fellow and the dog made it out to the ice, climbed up onto it and went over to the hole. The fellow dove into the hole and stayed under for a while. Finally he resurfaced without having found anyone. He and the dog swam back to the shore.

When they reached the shore, a Doberman Pincher ran up to the black dog, and the two dogs began playing together. I thought the Doberman looked a bit like Wall's dog, Hansel. As I watched the two dogs play and jump on each other, they seemed to be becoming angry toward each other and the black dog began to growl. I told someone I thought the Doberman could whip the black dog in a fight. Suddenly it seemed like summertime and the water looked warm. As I stood on the rocks looking out over

the water, I heard someone near me say no one would be able to swim there anymore because the bulldozer which had piled up the rocks had left many jagged rocks in the water. I could see the dangerous-looking rocks jutting up below the clear blue water's surface.

But then some small children came along, jumped into the water and frolicked about unheedful of the danger. A motorboat passed by close to where the children were, and I thought it was dangerously close to them. I noticed several other people swimming and decided to go down and jump in the water myself.

Once in the water, I ventured farther out into deep water, where I encountered two window panes rising out of the water. They were joined together like an L and were each about two meters tall. I grabbed one

of the panes. Each pane had several different colors in it. I thought maybe an old house had once been out there in the ocean.

I had the feeling a fellow who I knew was out here with me. Then I looked around and saw three beautiful girls swimming about. One of them was blonde and one was brunette. They swam up to the other pane and I noticed that although the water was deep, they seemed to be standing on something. I asked, "Are you standing?"

They replied, "Yes."

I put down my feet a little farther and realized a ledge was there which I too began to stand on. The blonde girl on my right reached out and took my hand. I went closer and closer to her and then tried to kiss her. But she looked as if she was really disgusted

with me and just swam away. I felt terrible about her swimming away and said to the other two girls, "Did I do something wrong?"

I talked with them awhile and finally the blonde girl returned. She began talking and came closer and closer to me. Finally she kissed me on the lips.

Then she asked someone here if he liked art. The person replied yes. She then turned to me and said, "Do you like art?"

I answered, "No."

But then I laughed and said, "Doesn't everybody like art?"

We talked a bit more and finally she said she had to go and start shooting. I understood by that that she worked with films and was going to go and shoot some film.

Someone else here said he enjoyed seeing her in her pictures. I inferred

she must have been some sort of film star.

Dream of: 04 March 1981 "Orden"

While in the lounge of a university building, I saw a man teaching German to some students. When the students left, I went to the German teacher because I wanted to speak to him in German. He spoke well, but I couldn't understand everything he was saying. He repeated the word "order" several times. I didn't

understand what the word meant and asked, "What are you saying? Orden? Do you mean 'orden'?"

I began thinking about marijuana; I hadn't smoked for a long time. I felt good about that, but I had a slight desire to smoke. I felt so good, however, I didn't think I needed to smoke anymore.

Dream of: 10 March 1981 "Basic Concepts Of Christianity"

I was listening to a lecture about religion and taking part in a discussion in which five basic concepts of Christianity were being drilled into me. The first concept (the most important) was "helping." I had difficulty understanding the second concept, but finally I realized it was "hearing." The last three concepts were unclear but two seemed to be "aiding" and "offering."

I decided I wanted to talk to my old philosophy professor, Rembert Glass, whom I hadn't seen in a long time. I arrived at a fairyland-like building where I thought Rembert would be and I walked inside. I walked down some corridors and then climbed many stairs to reach the place where I thought I would find Rembert. The

stairs were rather cruddy at the bottom, but when I reached the top, I found some magnificent, intricately-carved, panel doors.

I pushed the doors open and walked into a rather ornately furnished room. As I then pushed open a second set of doors, I began thinking of what I was going to say to Rembert. I thought I would tell him that he had had an enormous impact on me in the times when I had seen him and that he had been a very important influence in my life. In a way, however, I hated to tell him that because my life was such a wreck.

Carrying an orange book about Yoga, I walked into a rather dark room. After laying the book on a mantle in the room, I walked over to an ordinary-looking door, grabbed the handle, pulled the door open and looked inside the adjoining room

which was rather dark except for a burning candle. Right in front of me I caught a glimpse of a beige figure which looked like a human fetus sitting in a chair.

Frightened, I turned back to the room I was still in and saw a bic pen lying on a table. I thought about picking up the pen and using it to defend myself, but I decided I didn't want to pick up someone else's pen. I thought, "No. I'll grab that book."

I thought perhaps I could use the book to knock someone away if the person attacked me. I began calling into the dark room, "Hello. Hello."

I could no longer remember Rembert's name. I thought something like, "Well, if someone comes and they ask me what I'm doing here I won't even be able to tell them who

I'm looking for because I can't even remember his name."

I continued calling, but no one answered.

Thoughts of meditation and Zen Buddhism entered my mind.

I finally backed out of the door and shut it.

Since I knew that Rembert lived in the rear of the building, I thought I could reach him by walking back there through the corridors. At first I decided I did not want to walk back to the rear of the building where Rembert was, but then I decided that I had come so far this time that I would go on.

I thought about the time Rembert had induced me into a state of a waking dream. Perhaps he would be able to do that again.

I could vaguely hear a television somewhere in the building. I thought someone must be there. I thought about putting my head to the wall to try to figure out where the television was. I thought, "Is that what Rembert is doing - watching television somewhere in this building?"

Dream of: 14 March 1981

"Ghosts"

As I was talking to someone, I was thinking about how dead people might become ghosts for a while and visit living people at night in the living people's dreams. I

contemplated that the only time a dead person would actually have the opportunity to visit a living person was during a dream. The opportunity wouldn't exist long because the dead person would soon be reincarnated into a new body. Therefore the

visitation must occur during the short time while the ghost existed.

I thought the ghost could visit living people for a while, but probably would soon tire of such visits after seeing all the stupid things which people did in their private lives.

I thought about my mother and my sister and ... suddenly I found myself at my mother's house which was different from any house of hers in which I had ever been. My mother and my sister were in a back room. I walked into a room behind the one they were in, lay down and fell asleep. When I awoke, I got out of bed and in my underwear walked through the room where my mother and my sister lay sleeping. In a way I had a rather erotic feeling and wished my mother could see me in my underwear; but they didn't awaken and I walked on into the kitchen.

In the kitchen I found some pictures and began looking through them. The pictures belonged to my mother and were of her, my sister and me.

Finally, my mother walked into the kitchen and began showing me the pictures. She had a couple pictures of me in bed – one picture showed me dressed in a red plaid shirt lying on the bed asleep.

My mother also had a picture of her and my father kissing passionately. In the picture, my mother's blouse was open in front and her bra could be seen. I wished the picture had showed more; I thought, "Yea, I wish they would just go right ahead and get it on."

Dream of: 15 March 1981 "The Moving Marble"

I had started to go to a school and was studying Spanish, French and

something else. Jarrell (a fellow law student at Baylor Law School) was there. When I looked at one of his papers, I saw that he was studying something about stereos.

I decided to talk with one of my teachers because I didn't think I was getting everything I could out of class. It seemed I had been put into an accelerated class in Spanish (because I had shown I knew some Spanish), but I was in a beginning French class. I was contemplating telling my teachers that I would like to go into the next advanced class. I walked into a room with a female teacher, lay down on the floor and (while she was still standing up) began talking with her. Suddenly I kicked her legs out from under her so she fell onto my legs. I made some sexual advances.

My mother walked into the room and began holding me down by the arms. The room seemed to be a kitchen and some kitchen cabinets were over my head. As my mother and the teacher started looking at one of the drawers in the cabinets, we all heard a sound from the drawer as if a marble were rolling around in it.

When I began moving my eyes as if I were making the marble move with them, my mother and the teacher looked at me in amazement. I thought of the movie *The Exorcist* and how in the movie when the devil had been inside the little girl, he could make objects move by themselves. As I continued following the sound of the marble with my eyes, I began to wonder if I was actually somehow making the marble move. When my mother and the teacher finally let me up, I realized the marble was moving

around through cabinets all over the room. I continued following the marble with my eyes, unsure whether I was making it move with my mind.

Dream of: 17 March 1981 "God Bless America"

I suddenly realized that Haim Habib (one of my new law-school friends) was homosexual. He and I had been roaming around on the street together for quite a while when the revelation came to me. Haim didn't come right out and say so, but clearly he wanted to have a sexual relationship with me. Since I wanted no part of it, when he placed his hand on my shoulder, I pushed it away. I felt sorry for Haim; I could sense that he regretted his attraction for me, but he simply found me irresistible; he said there was something overpowering about me.

As we walked, we stopped for a moment in front of a house with a display window set up in front. Sitting prominently in the window was a book which appeared to be an advertisement for something. On the front was a picture of five reclining nude women. One woman was black, one was oriental and the other three were white. Intrigued by the book and interested in what the house might contain, Haim and I stepped inside.

Once inside the house, while Haim disappeared upstairs, I walked over to the display window, picked up the book, and leafed through it. I discovered tasteful artistic pictures of spacious landscapes, but mostly the book purveyed information about how the five women pictured on the cover lived with five men in this very house.

The men and women shared each other's company and traded off

sexually – a man would be with one woman one night, and with another woman another night. The book also detailed what a man should do if he wanted to have sex with two women at the same time.

When I finally turned my attention to my surroundings, I realized I was in the home of another law-school friend, Donna (a pretty young woman with long chestnut hair and a friendly disposition). A man who was apparently Donna's husband entered the room, walked up to me, and began telling me a strange little story. He recounted that while he had been somewhere, someone had asked him for a pencil. Although the man's job was apparently sharpening and handing out pencils, on this occasion he hadn't given the person the pencil, because he had suddenly realized what a meaningless job he was

performing, and he couldn't bring himself to continue handing out pencils.

When the man had finished his story, I began to notice that other people were in the room, including Donna herself and two other men. Donna and one of the men were ensconced next to each other on a couch, snuggled together under a cover, obviously undressing each other. I watched in amazement, wondering if they were going to unclothe right there in front of everybody. Although they continued taking off their clothes, they kept the blanket pulled over them.

Curious, I laid down my book, sat on the floor, and from the corner of my eye, continued to watch Donna and the man. When I finally stood back up and stepped closer to them, I saw that they had thrown off the cover,

completely exposing their nude bodies. To my amazement, right in front of me, Donna slipped down onto her knees on the floor in front of the man and shamelessly began performing fellatio on him. At the same time, with one of her hands, she began masturbating the second man. When she noticed me watching, she managed to paint a prurient simper on her face, forcing me to wonder if she were inviting me to join in. I thought perhaps I should, but I refrained.

Other husbands and wives from Baylor Law School were in the room, plainly participating in an orgy. Surfeited with merely observing, I finally could restrain myself no longer. I pulled off my pants, walked over to Donna and sat down in front of her. Unhesitatingly she leaned over, stuck my penis in her mouth

and began performing fellatio on me,
propelling me to ecstasy.

My pleasure was short-lived –
suddenly the doorbell rang and I
jumped up. Someone said that Haim's
wife was probably at the door, and
indeed, when the door was opened, a
woman who was Haim's wife blew in,
an older-looking woman with frosted
hair. She immediately rolled over to
me and we collapsed next to each
other on the couch. She wasted no
time: she lowered her head and
began licking my penis.

Ultimately, I broke away from her and
stood up, somewhat concerned about
Haim, wondering what had happened
to him. I walked upstairs and cast my
eye into an unlit bathroom. When I
saw a closed shower door, I had a
sickening premonition of what was
behind the door, and thought, "Oh no.
Haim has probably killed himself."

When I turned on the light and looked in the shower, I was relieved to discover that Haim wasn't there. Still concerned, I walked over to the bedroom and flipped the bedroom light switch, but this time, no light came on. For some reason, I felt frightened, as if there were something to fear up here. I turned, hurried back downstairs and called to everyone, "Well, someone is going to have to go up there. I can't find him."

Abruptly Haim came walking down the stairs – there was nothing wrong with him at all. He joined in with everyone else, having a good time.

The orgy seemed to increase in intensity, going wild, when suddenly someone jumped up and hollered out that the "man" was here. The front door flung open and several husky police officers barged in like gangbusters and straightaway

ordered everyone to stand up against the wall. Completely nude, I lined up with the others, my back to the wall, with one of the officers standing right in front of me. I wished I could do something to cover myself; when I noticed that one fellow had picked up a pair of green underwear, I blurted out, "Those are mine. No, wait. Those are somebody else's."

I realized those particular underwear weren't mine, but I saw several other pairs lying about on the floor. I didn't want any of the underwear (one pair even looked as if it were wet from sperm), but I still needed to put on something. One policeman, picking up a pair of blue jeans which had one leg cut off, asked me if the jeans were mine. I said, "No, no. Those are too big for me."

When he picked up another pair of torn and ragged blue jeans and

handed them to me, I pulled them on.

Once I was dressed in the jeans, I turned to the policeman standing in front of me and asked, "Do you like your work?" He looked me right in the eye and he said he didn't.

Without warning, the policemen uniformly turned and marched back outside. As some of the people in the room began hollering, I also walked outside, where it was revealed that the police raid had been a big joke. The police weren't here to arrest us – they had come to join in the party!

One policeman even brought out a cake. When someone else showed up with ice cream and whipped cream, I began eating some. The whipped cream reminded me of the kind I sometimes ate in the student cafeteria, the kind I liked so much. Now that I was eating the ice cream and whipped cream, it seemed as if I

had also been eating some earlier inside, before the police had arrived. I looked out into the street and saw what appeared to be a ticker tape parade passing by. The song "God Bless America" was playing.

Dream of: 17 March 1981 (2)

"Electrical Signals"

I was sitting and eating at a table in a school cafeteria which resembled Penland cafeteria. I had recently started classes at Baylor Law School, and Penland was one of the campus cafeterias for which I had a meal ticket. I ate here often.

As I quietly partook of my meal, I overheard four fellows talking at the table directly behind me. One of the four, seated at the end of his table, was discussing the history of electricity and electrical signals. He maintained that since the time when

men had first learned to send electrical signals to each other, the signals had been used as means of communication. He also explained that electricity must first be converted into an impulse before it could become a signal. As he recited a mathematical formula, I became thoroughly engrossed by what he was saying. I thought he must be an extremely intelligent person – obviously well-versed in the subject of physics and electricity.

When the other three fellows began asking him questions, I wanted to talk with him myself. Since I had the feeling all the fellows knew I was listening, I thought about simply approaching the fellow and telling him what an intelligent person I deemed him to be. But instead, I stayed put and said nothing.

The fellow's manner of speaking gave his subject a metaphysical tone and finally the subject of God arose. One fellow said God knew what messages were being sent through the electrical signals. Someone else mentioned animals, and said God would even know about pigs.

For some reason, I found these statements to be quite alarming. I was so bothered by what had been said, I felt as if I needed to get away and clear my mind. Trying to master my thoughts, I picked up my tray and rose from the table. I walked away, shambling quite a distance down the side of the cafeteria, headed for the rear of the room. I seemed confused. Inattentive to where I was walking, I finally bumped clumsily into a door, and collapsed to the floor just inside the doorway, barely catching myself from tumbling down a flight of stairs.

I had dropped my tray and made so much noise, I was sure the students in the cafeteria

Dream of: 19 March 1981
"Meeting My End"

I was riding around with my old friend Steve Buckner in Portsmouth, Ohio in a large van which I owned. Buckner was driving and I was sitting in the passenger seat. We were on Gallia Street but it looked much different than usual. I saw a fire station which I didn't recall being on that street.

Three black girls were in the van with us. We were thinking about taking them to Mike Walls' house and having sex with them. I began thinking about Claudia (a black acquaintance) and the time I had taken her to the Apartment in Chillicothe, Ohio.

Buckner drove us to Walls' house and as we pulled in, I told him I didn't think we should take the girls inside. I knew Walls and his wife Connie were at the swimming pool and that he had given me permission to use the house.

But it was a cold day and I said, "Well, you know they won't be there very long."

Buckner answered, "Yea."

But he was determined to take the girls inside. I told him he would have to back the van around. He pulled up and began backing around. As he backed I began screaming, "Put on the brakes! Put on the brakes!"

He began pushing down on the brakes but they wouldn't catch. He pushed and pushed but the van just kept going back and back. I thought, "Oh no. This is where I meet my end."

The van started going over the edge of a big bank. I felt the van turning over and over and I thought to myself, "Well this is where I die."

had heard me. Embarrassed and stunned, I simply lay on the floor for a couple minutes. Finally I pulled myself together and picked up the tray. I stood up and stepped back through the door into the cafeteria, where I was immediately greeted by a round of derisive cheers, the way the students sometimes jeeringly shouted acclaim for someone who had dropped a tray of food in the cafeteria. I just raised my hand toward my head in a salute, and waved at them.

I began walking again toward the back of the cafeteria until I reached a door at the rear. I opened the door, stepped through, and saw a fellow standing at the other end of the room

into which I had entered. He appeared to be working here and he hollered to me, "Oh no, you can't come in here. You can't come in here."

I called back that I simply wanted a towel to wipe some muck off my hands, from where I had fallen down with my tray and spilled something on me. He finally acquiesced and yelled back that he had some towels and that I could walk down to where he was if I wanted one. But I didn't want to walk all the way to the end of the room and I replied, "Well, you could just get them for me."

He said, "Well, you can just come and get them."

I argued with him that what he was saying was ridiculous. He didn't even want me in this room in the first place. Yet he wanted me to walk all

the way across the room for a towel, when he could just bring it to me. He didn't move. He just stood there, staring at me.

Dream of: 19 March 1981 (2) "The Desk"

I was in a room in a big house from which my mother was in the process of moving. I could hear my father, my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel talking in the next room. Clarence and Mabel were asking my father if I could use a desk when I finished law school. They said if I set up my office in my father's office, I would probably need one. They kept talking and decided to buy me a desk when I graduated from law school. Clarence came into the room where I was and asked me if I could use a desk. I acted as if I hadn't

overheard what they had been saying and replied, "Yea. Have you got one?"

He answered, "No. But when you graduate we were thinking about getting you one."

He began describing the desk.

Dream of: 20 March 1981

"Kriege"

I was with some people at a gathering. I gravitated over to a little stand which had some food on it and began eating from a dish of fried eggplants. A couple girls came over and then Donna walked up. We began talking and one of the girls said something in German. Donna answered In German. They then pointed to me and said I also could speak German. Someone said to me, "Sprichst du Deutsch?"

I answered, "Ja."

They replied, "So was passiert?"

I answered, "Alles in der Welt."
I really couldn't think of anything to say so I just said, "Ja, alles in der Welt. Hitler ist schon funf und dreissig Jahre gestorben. Ja, es ist funf and dreissig Jahre. Ja, es ist schon lange. Und es gibt kein Krieg mehr in der Welt. Weg mit dem Krieg. Aber es gibt ein Paar kleine Kriege. Es gibt ein Krieg in El Salvador. Es gibt ein Krieg in Kambodscha. Es gibt ein Krieg in Angola. Es gibt ein Krieg in Afghanistan. Und man kann sagen es gibt ein Paar Kriege in Africa. Aber sie sind nicht so wichtig. Auch man kann sagen es gibt ein Art Krieg in Iran. Aber die Lage in Iran ist anders. Glaub mir, ich habe mit vielen Shiiten gesprochen."

Donna then said she was going to have a party at her house the next day and mentioned her address.

Dream of: 27 March 1981
"Elderfield, Illinois"

I was in a car with a man and woman, who seemed to be my parents. Two younger sisters were also in the car. The man was driving. The woman seemed somewhat like my step-mother and somewhat like my mother.

We seemed to be traveling from the House in Patriot to Portsmouth. As we drove along I began telling the others about a dream I had had in which I had gone to a place called Elderfield, Illinois, even though I was unsure exactly where Elderfield, Illinois was.

My father was driving rather badly.

Once he laid his head on the seat behind him and drove for about 30 seconds without even looking at the road. When he speeded up and raced

around the curves in the road, I mumbled, "I'm scared."

I looked at the speedometer as he whirled around a curve; it registered around 50, which was much too fast for that curve. I suggested I should drive. At first he didn't pay any attention to me; but finally my mother persuaded him to pull over. He opened the door, stepped out, walked around to the back and got into the back seat. My mother scooted over. I stepped out, got into the driver's seat and began driving. It was dark and I turned on the headlights. As soon as I turned them on, they went back off. Suddenly I slammed on the brakes. The car whirled around and skidded off the road. Nobody knew what had happened. I thought I had gone into a ditch; but upon closer scrutiny I saw the road had simply ended and I had driven into the middle of a field. I

backed up the car and turned it around; but the road behind us likewise had disappeared. We all stepped from the car into the field and looked around.

The field seemed to be atop a ridge. It was a starry night and everything looked strange. We began walking along.

I saw a house with some vines on it. Next to the vines was a pay phone which I thought I might be able to use. A man standing near the phone boarded a car and drove away. I thought, "Well why didn't I just ask him where we were?"

Before going to the phone, I looked at the house, which appeared to be empty; someone was pulling up in a car. So I walked toward the car, intending to ask where we were.

I figured it was probably about 6 a.m. I had started carrying one of the two sisters. I felt close to her and held her close to my cheek. She was probably about 3 years old.

Suddenly I looked into the sky; someone was coming down in a parachute. I pointed out the parachute to my father. I told him the fellow had actually been shot into the sky from a cannon and was now coming down. I also pointed out fireworks going off on the horizon. The fireworks continued exploding one after the other. My father also shot some fireworks into the sky. His fireworks arched into the sky, headed earthward, and exploded on the way down.

We finally reached the house. My father, my two sisters and I walked inside the house. It wasn't empty - people were inside. They seemed

rather young. I asked them where we were, but they didn't seem to want to tell me. My family and I sat down at a table with the people and we began eating. I asked a man at the table if he could tell us where we were. I thought we were near Portsmouth probably somewhere near Wheelersburg, Ohio. I asked the people at the table if we were in Ohio. They seemed astonished I would ask that.

It finally became clear we were in Elderfield, Illinois. This fact was quite disconcerting to me. I began trying to figure out how I had previously dreamed we had gone to Elderfield and now I had actually arrived in Elderfield.

I asked people at the table how far Elderfield, Illinois was from Portsmouth -- but no one had heard of Portsmouth. I tried to figure out

exactly where Elderfield, Illinois was and asked them how far it was from Chicago. They said, "About 200 miles."

I asked, "Well is it due east of Chicago?"

Someone said Elderfield was about 200 miles southeast of Chicago.

I tried to decide whether we should return to the car and drive back to Portsmouth.

Suddenly my mother walked in with the lady of the house. About 15 teenagers also walked in. They stood and stared at me as if I were something fantastic. It was as if they thought I had appeared from nowhere. Our being there was apparently highly unusual.

I noticed how quickly the food had disappeared.

Dream of: 28 March 1981

"Oppenheimer"

I was spending the night in a building which seemed like a warehouse. A little creature seemed to be in the building with me. Unable to sleep, I walked around and ended up in a room which had pieces of rotten plywood on the floor. As I walked across the floor, the plywood began breaking and caving in until a hole developed through which I could look into the basement, where a light was turned on. The basement appeared to be filled with trash. Something seemed to be happening in the basement, but I couldn't tell what. It seemed as if the little creature or something else had warned me before about the basement.

I jumped through the hole into the basement and looked out a basement

window. About 100 meters away I could see a little store which looked like a Seven/Eleven. Some people (some of whom seemed black) walked toward me from the store.

I climbed out of the basement and together with the other people went to a party in a rather nice stone house with carpet and spacious rooms. After I had entered an empty room and sat down in a chair, other people walked into the room and sat around me, including a man (about 40 years old) who sat on my left. A couple other men were sitting nearby. We talked.

Suddenly the 40 year-old man reached over and put his hand on my penis. I immediately jerked it off, covered my penis with my own hand, and said, "Look, I'm not a queer."

He seemed insulted. I said, "Well, maybe that's a bad choice of words.

Maybe 'queer' is a bit emphatic."

I thought perhaps I should have used a different word like "gay."

When the men began talking among themselves, I rose and walked around. It was probably about two or three in the morning. People began leaving and the party began to die. I was afraid to go to sleep.

I walked outside and when Steve Buckner (one of my best friends in my last two years of high school) drove up, I boarded his car. The gay 40 year-old man from the party was already in Buckner's car.

As we drove along headed toward Portsmouth, Ohio, I looked at some mountains we were passing. One beautiful mountain was fantastically large and snow-capped. I began

thinking about mountain climbing and how exhilarating climbing that mountain would be.

We passed another mountain with gigantic icicles hanging from steep cliffs. One particularly steep overhanging cliff caught my attention and I reflected how difficult climbing that cliff would be. As we passed the mountain and I was able to see the other side, I realized part of the mountain had been created from obviously man-made poured concrete. The farther away from the mountain we rode, the more clearly I could see the mountain itself was actually only a small part of a larger mountain which rose high into the sky. I could now see the larger mountain wasn't as steep as I had originally thought. At the top of the mountain stood a large penitentiary which could be reached from the rear of the

mountain without climbing the steep cliff. I thought if a mountain climber climbed up the steep side of the mountain, he would arrive at the penitentiary. I wondered if the authorities might think the mountain climber was trying to break someone out of the penitentiary and if the authorities would then incarcerate the mountain climber.

As I once again focused on my immediate surroundings, I realized I was in a large bus which reminded me of the interior of a passenger airplane. Other people were also in the bus, including my old college professor, Rembert Glass, were also on the bus. As I again looked out at the mountains, Rembert began giving an interesting little speech about mountain-climbing. Apparently he belonged to a mountain-climbing organization and was well versed in

the art of mountain-climbing. He went into considerable detail about how people should climb mountains.

As he talked, I continued looking at a mountain we were passing. With difficulty I tried to imagine myself climbing it. Mountain climbing seemed to me a vain endeavor. At the same time, however, I thought if I were at the top I would be able to look out over all Portsmouth, something few people had ever done.

As Rembert talked, I imagined how the ropes would hang down realized the necessity of securing oneself with the ropes. One wouldn't begin climbing up the mountain without ropes to make sure one wouldn't fall.

Rembert stopped his lecture and in reference to something else he had said, declared, "And now we're going

to mention something about
Oppenheimer."

Suddenly I remembered I had been sending Rembert some of my dreams and I realized he was making a definite reference to something I had written in the last dream which I had sent him. Although he was speaking to the group and wasn't looking directly at me, I knew he was definitely talking about something I had written. Somehow, some type of communication existed between Rembert and me. I fell over onto my back and electrical impulses began going through my body. My body began jerking. I could only see blue, white and black patterns like splashes of paint on a canvass. No pain was involved, but the sensation was very intense and completely different from anything I had ever experienced. The images were so intense, I realized

something important was definitely happening.

Dream of: 05 April 1981

"Muscular Dystrophy Association"

While sitting and eating with a woman in a restaurant, I looked toward the cash register and noticed a little collection box for the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

I rose, walked over to the box to take a closer look and saw it contained considerable change and one bill. At first I thought the bill was a twenty but looking closer I saw it was a ten. I had never seen anyone put a ten in one of those collection boxes. It seemed like a lot of money; would it make it to the Muscular Dystrophy Association?

I walked back to the table, sat down and wondered whether I should also put some money in the box. I had

been thinking about donating some money before but had never gotten around to it. I thought I would donate five dollars if I had it in my pocket

Dream of: 07 April 1981 "Auto The Robot"

In the cafeteria of the Student Union at Baylor University, I was playing an electronic game called "Auto the Robot." I had played the game once or twice and had quickly lost. In the present game, however, I was doing quite well. With my right hand I controlled the movement stick which moved horizontally, vertically and diagonally. My left hand controlled the shooting button.

The idea of the game was to move about through a room while shooting robots. In this particular game, however, I wasn't shooting at robots, but at little dots. If I could exit from

the room pictured on the screen, a new room would appear on the screen and play would again resume. I did this several times.

I was doing just fine, when Leah showed up beside me and began watching. In a way, Leah seemed a little like my former girlfriend, Carolyn. When I continued playing and my robot once again escaped from the room, Leah quipped, "That doesn't mean anything."

I answered, "Well, don't you score just by making it out of the room, even though you haven't actually destroyed any enemy robots?"

Neither of us was quite sure about that, even though the score was totaled in the lower left side of the screen.

Suddenly I did something special and all at once the whole screen lit up.

Bells began to ring, numbers appeared on the board and a light raced from one number to the next. It appeared I had won something special. I had racked up 19,000 points.

Leah (who had played the game before) told me to press a little button on the game and a voice would come on and tell me what the score was.

Before I did so, Leah did a little something and the whole game suddenly ended. I wasn't angry with her, because I had already had my fun, but I asked, "Leah, how come my game is over?"

She realized she had done something to stop my game and she tried to explain. She smiled as she tried to figure out a way of explaining what she had done.

Another man and a child were nearby playing a game like mine. Apparently the man had played the game before, but the child hadn't. The man began explaining to the child that these games were manufactured in Mexico. He explained that since they were manufactured in Mexico, and the Mexicans weren't as smart as the Americans, it took the Americans longer to figure out how to play the games. The man had been playing for some time, but still hadn't figured out exactly how to operate the game. Finally he said, "Well, it's about time we went into the other room."

He was referring to a special room nearby in which people could learn how to play the games.

**Dream of: 13 April 1981 "Masters
Of The Guitar"**

Walking down a street early one morning, thinking about art, I contemplated taking pictures with me wherever I went during the day so I could cut out the pictures to use in collages.

Something suddenly seemed to make me want to dance, but I didn't know at first what it was. Gradually I found myself twisting and dancing.

Suddenly I realized someone was playing some fantastically beautiful jazz nearby.

I first looked toward the roof of the house next to me, then toward the roof of the house on the other side of the street, where some people were standing. A woman among them waved to me. I seemed to know her from somewhere.

The people began motioning to me and I motioned back as if I were

taking a picture of them with a camera. I then pointed at myself and said, "Me?"

Somehow I knew they wanted me to go into the house beside me to bring someone out to take a picture.

After I walked up to the door and knocked, a woman in her late 20s came to the door. She was wearing a brown dress and carrying a large camera. At first I thought she was going to give me the camera to take a picture, but she just smiled as if to say "Thank you," and walked out into the street. I could tell she was getting ready to take a picture.

I then saw where the music had been coming from. About a half dozen men with very long hair were playing music in the small patio of the house across the street. Apparently they were practicing. Some other men

(most of them around 30 years old) began gathering around me in the street. Most were carrying electric guitars.

I thought if I were taking a picture I would say something like, "One, two, there - smile" or something equally idiotic.

Someone made some type of motion and everyone started playing music at the same time. The notes were crystal clear. As the men walked around playing their guitars, they looked like masters of the art of guitar playing.

The idea of art possessed me. I thought the artists of the world were involved with a battle. Since so many artists abandoned their art, not many artists are left. I thought about my friend Donna (a classmate in law school). I thought she would

understand the importance of the struggle which artists experienced.

**Dream of: 15 April 1981 "Look
Away"**

Classes had ended for the quarter term at Baylor Law School and all the students were gathered together in a big parking lot, preparing to leave. It was night and everyone except me had a car. At first I couldn't even find my suitcases, but I finally located them in someone's car and took them out.

Cars pulled out until only a few remained and I still didn't have a way to leave. I thought I might have to hitchhike. I was barefoot and didn't even have any shoes. I hollered out, "Well if anyone is going south, I'd sure appreciate a ride. I'll help pay for gas."

I thought a minute and then said,
"Wait a minute. I meant I'm going
north, not south."

Rod Keith (a fellow law student)
offered me a ride, but he was going
south. A station wagon loaded with
people – apparently headed north –
was pulling out. At first I thought
another fellow student, Campbell,
was driving, but then I saw someone
else was driving. I ran up and said,
"Hey, if you're headed north can you
give me a ride?"

The driver looked at me, laughed and
answered scornfully, "Why should I
give you a ride? You didn't even call
me Pal."

I said, "I'll help pay for gas."
He thought for a second, pulled over
to the side and said, "Well, hurry up."
I ran back to retrieve my clothes,
which were heaped in a big pile next

to the parking lot. Leah suddenly appeared. She ran toward me and said, "I love you."

She began helping me pack the clothes into the old gray suitcase I used to have, as well as one of my newer suitcases. After Leah and I had finished packing, I said, "I don't even have your name or number, and I'm just going to leave you."

She replied, "Well, it's probably all for the best anyway. We'd probably never bother to write."

She handed me a letter and said, "Well, read this when you're gone." I was ready to burst into tears. She kissed me on the cheek. I wanted to kiss her on the cheek. She said, "Look away."

Apparently she didn't want anyone else to see me kiss her. Then she turned her cheek toward me and I

kissed her. I said good-bye to Leah, grabbed my suitcase and slid down an embankment to the car. When I reached the car, I threw my suitcase inside. No one in the car seemed happy to see me, but I boarded anyway and we headed down the road.

**Dream of: 01 May 1981 "Watching
The Sun Set"**

I was in a classroom at Baylor Law School, where several other students (including Leah) and myself were having a study group. Soon the others departed and Leah and I were left alone. Just as we watched the sun set, Leah told me she loved me. I recoiled. I couldn't say anything. For a moment I thought I wanted Leah to love me, but then I thought of her husband. I thought I was going to have to tell Leah I couldn't see her anymore.

Dream of: 25 May 1981

"Intelligence Curve"

Haim and I had both decided to leave the Baylor Law School; we were in a car headed for Ohio. Haim was planning to go to The Ohio State University to study. I told Haim I had studied at Ohio State and when he asked me what kind of people studied there, I replied, "It's almost the same as in Baylor. But Ohio State has around 50,000 students. There are more intelligent people at Ohio State, but also more stupid ones."

I began tracing an intelligence curve. I said that in general, students from Baylor fell right in the middle of the curve; but in Ohio State people were all over the intelligence curve.

We arrived in Columbus and Haim went to a house where he already had some of his things.

I went to Ramey's house and walked into Ramey's living room. Ramey wasn't here at first; but then he walked into the room. I walked out onto the porch and saw Ramey's car parked out front. In the back seat of the car was a large box of books which belonged to me. As I headed toward the car to get the books, Ramey stopped me and asked me whether I was going to pay him the \$50 I owed him. I told him I would. Actually I thought I owed him a bit more than \$50.

I picked up the box of books and walked back into the house.

Dream of: 26 May 1981 "Dying Of Hunger"

I was preparing to go to Puerto Rico to study law. An acquaintance named Laurie Mann was in the room with me. My old college professor,

Rembert Glass walked in; he didn't look well. Apparently his wife was going to have another child; he spoke of her pregnancy. I said that was exactly what the world needed: another child. It wasn't enough that two billion people were presently dying of hunger in the world. Of course overpopulation wasn't a concern of the United States: the United States simply needed to build a wall between it and Mexico to keep the people down south from entering the United States. Nor did the United States have to worry about people arriving from across the Atlantic Ocean because poor people couldn't arrive by that route. We, the North Americans, were prosperous enough so we didn't need to have any worries.

Rembert listened to what I had to say and then left.

I began talking with Laurie. Clearly she was likewise pregnant. I told her I shouldn't have said those things to Rembert.

I told her I had had a vasectomy and felt good about it even though I might have difficulty finding a female companion because most women wanted to have children.

Laurie said she was unsure whether she should tell me something. She said it was a difficult decision.

I sat on the couch next to her and told her she should tell me what was on her mind. She spoke – she said my tie didn't match my pants. I was wearing a colorful tie and blue pants. I said, "Well, then I can take it off."

I simply took the tie off and put it in my pocket. I laughed and said, "Well, if I had thought, I could have taken off my pants instead of my tie."

Laurie smiled. I looked at her and said, "It doesn't look like you've gained much weight."

When she stood up, however, I saw she had gained a moderate amount of weight from her pregnancy.

Dream of: 26 May 1981 (2)
"Christmas Bulbs"

I was visiting Ramey at his house in Columbus. I was planning on staying with Ramey for a day or two and felt quite happy. The house had two or three rooms and Ramey showed them to me. One room contained his bed and another was the living room.

The living room had some strange things in it and seemed quite peculiar. A large red heart, about a meter tall, was propped up on some legs in one corner of the room.

Valentine cards were on top of the

heart. In another corner were two
Christmas trees.

Ramey walked into the room. He had
taken an amphetamine and seemed
quite happy. He rather danced about.

He asked me if I wanted an
amphetamine. I told him I didn't think
so.

Ramey told me he paid \$100 a month
for the place. I told him it was a nice
place. It was nothing extravagant; but
it was adequate.

Walls was also in the room.
I began dancing a bit myself. Then I
headed out of the room, but on my
way I bumped into one of the
Christmas trees. I knocked four or
five Christmas bulbs off the tree. They
hit the ground but none broke. I
stopped and began picking them up.
Ramey came over and began helping
me. We began putting them back on

the tree and I said, "That reminds me – how is Mike Ferguson doing these days?" (I was actually referring to Fugitt, an old schoolmate from high school).

Walls spoke up and said, "Not too good."

Dream of: 26 May 1981 (3)

"Pornographic Novels"

I was lying on a bed at the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child), reading one of three pornographic novels I had. A girl was lying down at the bottom of my bed. My father and another girl were lying on another bed in the room.

When I laid down my book and began watching a television playing in the room, I realized a pornographic show was on. I touched my leg against the girl in the bed with me. I just barely

touched her because I thought she might not want me to do so. When she rolled over so her legs were on mine, I thought, "Well, I'll just keep on going farther."

When she suddenly rolled back over and disappeared, I thought she had fallen off the end of the bed into some kind of abyss.

Meanwhile, my father had become quite involved with the girl in his bed. Completely nude, I rose and walked to the front of the house. I had chapped lips and was looking for some Vaseline. My mother had just gone into the toilet and was apparently taking a bath. I walked toward the toilet and began talking to my mother from outside the door. I tried to peek through a couple little holes in the door a couple times, but I couldn't really see anything.

When I finally lay down in front of the door, my mother opened the door and walked out. She stood right over top me, her pubic hairs clearly visible above me, not trying to cover herself. She walked into the little utility room where the stairs to the basement were, and I followed her. I walked over to her and pulled her down from in front of the windows so the people in the house next door couldn't see her (it was daylight outside). I pulled her onto the ground and began biting her breasts. It felt good. I moved my head on down and began performing cunnilingus on her.

She was worried my father might come in. I told her he was busy with someone named Pat. I said, "And anyway, I got somebody in my eyes." I was referring to a 17 year-old friend of mine who was keeping a lookout at

the door to warn me if anything happened.

**Dream of: 27 May 1981 "Attacking
The Bathroom"**

I was with two fellows and a woman at the House in Patriot. We were all nude together in the bathtub having a frolicsome good time. One of the fellows in the tub reminded me of Joe Jones (high school schoolmate). My brother Chris was sitting beside the bathtub in his wheelchair. I reached my hand over the side and held on to Chris's hand at one point.

I kept getting closer and closer to the woman until her vagina was right in front of my face. Then she sat on my penis. One of the other fellows in the tub was her husband. At first he didn't seem to mind my getting close to her, but then he began becoming perturbed.

I looked out the door; some men were coming toward the House from across the street. I stepped out of the tub and told the others to sit down. A large wooden door was standing next to the doorway; but it wasn't on its hinges. There was only a screen door which I locked. A black man walked up and said, "Steve, let me in."

I asked, "What do you want?"

He replied, "Just let me in."

I said, "No, tell me what you want first."

He said he wanted in and pulled out a gun. He was angry about something.

He stepped back and fired a shot at the house. He walked to the side and shot through one of the windows. The people in the tub all ducked down. Then the fellow retreated back across the street.

Still nude, I immediately put on my pants. I said we had had enough fun in the bathroom and it was time to check out what was going on.

Everyone got out of the tub.

Some shotguns were standing in the corner. I began passing them out to the others but I didn't have any bullets for them. I asked Joe to help me put the big wooden door in front of the doorway. The men were coming back across the street. Before we could move the door, they were upon us. They knocked the door down and shot Joe in the side.

I picked up a shovel and began hitting the men with it. I almost knocked the gun out of one man's hand.

Dream of: 10 June 1981 "White Cat"

Apparently I had said something to professor McSwain about the conduct

of Haim. As a result, McSwain (who also seemed a bit like professor Wendorf), and I went looking for Haim. We found Haim sleeping in a room of Baylor Law School. McSwain stood on one side of Haim while I stood on the other. Together we raised the sleeping Haim and carried him from the room. After we had walked a short distance and had entered another room, Haim awoke.

McSwain asked me and another person now with us to leave the room. We did so. McSwain then told Haim that he (Haim) had to leave the school.

I returned to the room where Haim was. McSwain was no longer here. Haim had changed his clothes and was now wearing a jacket, preparing to leave. I approached him and told him he shouldn't leave so quickly. I told him I would be back soon.

I left and walked through the halls of the school looking for McSwain. I encountered a white cat. It was friendly; but at the same time I was somewhat afraid it would bite me if I tried to touch it.

I was also looking for my mother; I thought she had something to do with the status of the students there. I walked through several rooms and when I finally found her, I realized this building was actually her house.

This was the first time I had ever found her there. I told her I liked the rooms. She was friendly; she said my father had told her the house was old-fashioned.

My sister walked into the room. She had been talking with Haim; she said she didn't want to talk with him anymore because he was sad now. I told my mother I didn't think it was good for Haim to be thrown out of the

school because he, more than anyone, loved the school. He did have some problems; but maybe now he could correct them. He shouldn't be expelled from the school.

I decided to talk with Haim about his problems. If, after I had talked with him, he was still unable to behave properly in the classes, sending him away might be necessary.

Dream of: 20 July 1981 "Spilled Food"

I had bought some ice skates and was using them to skate around on a wooden floor in a gymnasium. I hadn't skated long, when I noticed something wrong with the skates. The back of the skates had either worn down or broken off – I couldn't figure out which – almost to the sole. The damaged skates had scuffed the floor in several places. Tracks of circles I

had been skating could clearly be
seen on the floor.

I thought about how I might fix the
skates and I considered having new
strips of metal welded onto them.

Several people looked at them and
everyone tried to figure out how to fix
them. Finally someone gave me a new
pair of skates and I began skating
around in circles again.

I wanted to skate with a girl there
who was wearing roller skates. But
the gym suddenly filled up with
people who began gathering around
some long tables. Everyone sat down.

The girl I had wanted to skate with
and I started to sit down in two chairs
in front of the room. But instead we
walked over to one of the tables. The
girl sat down in a chair. I pulled out
another chair to sit in, but found a
paper plate full of food sitting on the

chair. I picked up the plate to put on the table, but the plate collapsed on one side and all the food fell onto the floor.

That made me remember how once before the same type of thing had happened to me - a paper plate full of food had collapsed on me.

Some brown meat had been on the plate and I watched it splash all over the floor. People behind me said, "Oh. Oh."

I had spilt some meat onto my pants and went to the bathroom to try to get it off. Then I went to the back of the room to look for a broom. I found one in a closet.

Dream of: 20 July 1981 (2)
"Jerusalem"

My old friend Randy Ramey was driving me around in a car in Columbus, Ohio. Randy was planning

to drive down to Portsmouth, Ohio – almost 150 kilometers south of Columbus – and I was trying to decide whether I should accompany him. I was tempted to go. I knew I needed to pick up something in Portsmouth and I thought I might enjoy riding with Randy because we would probably smoke a marijuana joint together.

Finally I did decide to go, and we headed out together at night over a narrow gravel road, dark and dangerous. We just barely missed hitting some cars coming toward us.

As the journey continued, I recalled that Randy and I had recently attended a class together in Portsmouth, and that we had both taken a test, the subject of which had been the Bible. I wondered how Randy had fared on the test. Able to remember some questions, I said, "Well, the first question began with

something about Christ going to Jerusalem. And it talked about God's relationship with Christ or man or something like that."

Dream of: 20 July 1981 (3) "Class In Greek"

I was in a class being taught in Greek by someone who seemed like Stanford (a law professor). Brian also seemed to be in the class.

Someone brought in a pizza and a woman left and returned with more food.

As I listened to the Greek, I realized the professor was speaking Latin part of the time. I couldn't understand the Greek when it was spoken, but sometimes it was written so I could see it. The students were answering the questions and I tried to figure out what they were saying. It was interesting.

Dream of: 20 July 1981 (4)
"Hostages In Coffins"

Mike Metrinko (an American counsel in Tabriz, Iran, when I met him in 1978) brought seven or eight people into a small room where I was and then left. I began asking the people who they were and how they were related to Metrinko. One man, whom I didn't know, spoke like an Englishman. A woman said she was Metrinko's stepmother. She pointed out another older woman and said that woman was his mother.

I told the assemblage I had been in Iran with Metrinko for eight months.

The lady with whom I had been speaking said, "Oh. Steve Collier."

"Yea," I answered.

I thought Metrinko had been held hostage during the eight months I had been in jail in Iran and I asked

her if they had been more worried that time than the second time Metrinko had been held hostage. She replied, "No. It was all the same." She said she remembered his writing about me in a letter. She had asked him about me and he had said that he liked me. I began thinking back about when I had been in Iran and realized Metrinko and I hadn't talked much to each other. I thought that was because people in prison – although they were close – ceased talking much to each other.

We stood, walked out of the room, and stood next to a body of water. A funny type of boat had come in and was carrying hostages back from Iran. The boat looked like a string of coffins held together by beams from one coffin to the other. The coffins were in two tiers and the lids were open. The hostages were lying flat on

their backs in them. They had floated all the way from Iran that way.

I was standing on an elevation above the water and I watched the coffins float by. Many had blood on them. I began thinking that many of the hostages had been killed. But the ones floating by were still alive.

However none were moving. Finally all the hostages rose, stepped out on the shore and lined up.

I saw many females among them and noticed they were wearing Indian clothing. They seemed to be in a ragged condition.

Rod Keith (a law student) was standing beside me. We walked along together and talked. We said we still had a long boat ride to take and we wanted to talk with the hostages to find out what their experiences had been. I looked one of the females in

the eye and she starred back at me. I thought they were wondering if we had also been hostages although we were relatively unscathed compared to them.

Dream of: 21 July 1981 "Escaping The Flood"

My mother, my sister and I were at a beach house which sat on a high cliff overlooking the sea. I could see the beach and people swimming down below. Some girls and couples were down there. I wanted to go down and swim.

I walked back into the beach house, changed and walked back outside. The water was beginning to rise and before I knew it, the water was right up to the bank. Only now did I realize the water was a river, not a sea. I knew in the back of my mind that massive flooding had occurred

upstream. Now the flood was reaching us. A road was nearby, probably 25-30 meters away. We had a car parked close by and I thought, "We better get in our car and take off."

I walked back into the house and told the others to get ready because we had to get out of there and reach higher ground. I stepped back outside to go to the car, and I saw another car in the river, being carried downstream by the flood. The flood came over the banks, smashed right into our car and completely destroyed it. I turned around as quickly as I could and hurried back into the house. I seemed to be having trouble walking and I was apparently limping a bit. I told the others, "Let's get out of here. We're going to have to walk. Our car has been destroyed."

I led them outside and we began walking away from the river. The water was continuing to rise. We encountered an old man with a big truck about the size of my step-grandfather Clarence's truck. The man had the truck loaded and was heading out. We asked him if he could give us a ride and he said, "Yea, get in the back."

We all climbed in and he began driving. We passed through New Boston and on through the overpass in Scottville, where we saw the water had risen. My mother wanted to see the water, which was covering the road in front of us. The truck stopped and started backing around. There was a little drop off beside the road. I guided the man as he backed up. The back tire went off the drop off, but he just pulled forward, got it out of there and turned the truck around.

We headed in the opposite direction. The area seemed like New Boston instead of Sciotoville. Stores and houses were all around. We passed another truck which had some merchandise piled up in it. Among the merchandise were some pancake turners. I thought I could just reach over and take one, but I didn't have any need for a pancake turner. We kept driving along, trying to reach the Gallia County Farm or Patriot, even though we realized all the roads would be flooded or cut off.

Dream of: 24 July 1981 "Venom
Through My Leg"

I had been in my Cabin and had walked down to the Gallia County Farmhouse. My grandmother Mabel was there; apparently she was going to go to Waverly to see someone. I thought she would pass through Rosemount near Portsmouth; since I

wanted to go to Portsmouth to buy some marijuana, I thought she might be able to give me a ride there and pick me back up later. I asked her if she was going to take the bypass and she said, "No, if you want to go, we can go through Portsmouth."

It seemed to me that a woman who reminded me of Mrs. Milam (an old woman who lived near the Farm) lived on the neighboring farm and that she was my landlady. Mabel asked me about the woman's age; Mabel wanted to know if she was older than herself. I answered, "Yea she's about three years older. But you know her better than I do."

My step-grandfather Clarence was also there; he seemed to think it would be all right for Mabel to drive to Waverly without him. Mabel had a large red car and I said, "Well I'll just drive the car for you."

I climbed into the driver's seat of the car, Mabel boarded the passenger side and we drove off across the bridge and down the road. I noticed in the bottom across from the House a big birdhouse on top of a pole. I also noticed the top of one of the trees had been cut off; perhaps someone hunting raccoons had done it. Some other trees had also been cut down along Symmes Creek. I mentioned to Mabel that they ought to do something about those hunters.

The road suddenly became steep and bumpy. I was going fast; I began having trouble and ran off the road headed right toward the creek. But I reached out my arm, grabbed a tree and pulled the car back around. We swung back onto the road but now we were headed in the opposite direction. I still didn't have good control of the car and we ran off the

road again down the side of the bank almost to the creek. The car was wrecked and I was unsure what to do. Apparently Mabel had slipped out of the car because I saw she was back up the road a ways.

I then noticed lying on the bank a snake about three meters long. It was very thick (probably twice as thick as my arm) and looked like a rattlesnake. I began thinking I might use the snake as an excuse for wrecking. I could say the snake bit me before I wrecked and had caused me to wreck.

I found a little lawn mower there and thought perhaps I could hit the snake with it. I swung at the snake with the lawn mower and thought I had hit it in the head. But suddenly I felt pain in my left leg and immediately knew the snake had bitten me. I could feel its venom going through my leg; I

looked down and saw the snake had a firm hold on my leg. I reached down and asked myself, "Well should I try to pry it off with my hands?"

I knew if I didn't get it off, I would die because it was clearly a rattlesnake.

Dream of: 26 July 1981 "Texan History"

I was at a meeting on the Baylor University campus. Several men and women were sitting around. A man was standing up front talking about something which had to do with sex.

He asked a woman in the back a question about having sex, and she answered, "No."

The man asked her why, and she answered, "They wouldn't do it because then a man would think they were too easy."

I walked out and walked around until I ran into a girl who looked as if she

were Japanese. I spoke to her; we walked to a bench and sat down. She sat at one end while I sat at the other. She was about a half meter away from me.

In front of us stood a building about two or three stories high. The building looked like a ship facing us. I could look down the length of both sides of the ship and see the windows which ran along the top of the hull. I could even see through the windows; many statues were inside. The statues were all arranged in order and were obviously commemorating Texan history. People were walking around inside, peeking around to look at the statues. It looked like a museum.

I said something to the girl about its being cold. She scooted over next to me. I put my arms around her and she put her arms around me. Only a few people were nearby. We were very

close; she had put her hand on top of my penis. She unzipped my pants, stuck her hand inside and began stroking my penis. I became instantly aroused. She continued stroking me until I finally pushed her away and said, "No, stop."

She didn't understand and she still held on. I broke loose from her; but it was too late; I immediately ejaculated. It was a gigantic ejaculation; sperm seemed to be going all over the place. She was looking at my face and she still didn't realize what had happened. Then I felt some of the sperm had shot up onto my eyebrow. I pulled her over close to me and said, "I ejaculated."

She said, "Ejaculacion?"

The way she pronounced the word, it sounded like a foreign word.

I seemed to have sperm all over me; she said, "This is a bit messy now." She wasn't angry, but she didn't know quite what to think and she pushed herself away from me. I thought she was from Japan and I asked her where she was from. When she answered, I thought she said Panama.

I responded, "Panama?"

She said no and she answered again. This time it sounded like "Manama."

Perhaps she was trying to say "Havana." I was still unsure. She didn't look as if she were from Latin America; she looked as if she were from the Orient.

Dream of: 29 July 1981 "Bilingual Marriage"

I was at Walls' house in Portsmouth. Walls had a Spanish-speaking female relative from a Latin American country who was visiting him. She

seemed to be in her late 20s and I had gone to Walls' house several times to visit her. I liked her. When I had come to the house on this day, her aunt and mother were here and they had decided she was going to be married to someone. I stayed for a while and listened to them.

Apparently the fellow whom she was supposed to marry was supposed to be here today. But he hadn't even proposed to her yet. They thought he was going to propose today.

She was dressed up nice. They were running around and talking about how the fellow was supposed to propose. I listened to them. But the fellow never showed up. The woman was in the other room and she became quite upset about something. And I decided I was going to ask her to marry me. I pulled her close to me

and said, "Would you like to get married?"

She said, "Is that all you're going to say?"

I responded, "Will you marry me?"

She said, "Yes, I will. And I will show up at the wedding, too."

I was as happy as I could be. I hugged her tightly and even tried to crack her back. She was just as happy as I was. She said, "I always wanted a bilingual marriage with the ceremony in both languages. Now I can have one."

I thought, "Yea. That'd be fine."

Dream of: 03 September 1981

"Plane Crash"

I was flying over water on a jet headed, I believed, from Quebec to Puerto Rico. I had been talking with someone about how it would be necessary to make a connection in New York and that the New York

connection caused difficulties for business men and doctors who didn't want to connect in New York. So they were petitioning to have the schedule changed so future flights would go directly to Puerto Rico, but that change hadn't yet been made.

The plane began experiencing some engine trouble, and it became apparent we were going to have to make a crash landing. I was in the cockpit talking with the pilot and I asked him how fast we would be going when we made the crash landing. He said he didn't know. I asked him if we would be able to slow down to 100 miles per hour"

He replied we would actually probably be able to slow down to 60 miles per hour.

I thought about that and I replied that we would therefore probably survive.

I asked him if it would be possible for us to come down with the rear of the plane making contact first rather than the nose, so we wouldn't flip flop.

I returned to the passenger part of the plane; I decided to make a list of the people on the plane. The first name I wrote was my own. Next I wrote my sister's name. Then I wrote my father's and my mother's names. I then looked up and saw my brother Chris sitting there with a smile on his face. He said, "Don't forget me."

So I wrote his name on the list. My second cousin Don's family was also on board. Since there were four of them, I decided to simplify the list and instead of writing each of their names, I simply wrote their last name with a "4" in front of it.

I found myself in an airport preparing to board a plane. I had packed everything except a large cumbersome bunch of pictures which I had cut out to make a collage. My flute was in its case.

Someone who appeared to be Ringo Starr was with me. Apparently I was in a rock-and-roll group and the other two members of the group were already on the plane. Ringo and I were preparing to board but we were late. We knew we were late and that we would probably not make it to the plane on time. We were standing at the ticket booth. We already had our tickets. The person behind the counter said, "No, you're too late." I began screaming we had to board that plane; I pounded on the counter with my fist.

Ringo told the man behind the counter that he knew some high officials and that if they didn't tell us the number of the gate where our plane was, they might lose their jobs. We told them to simply tell us the number of the gate and that if we didn't make it, then it wouldn't be their fault.

The man behind the counter told us the number, but I wasn't quite sure whether he had said fifty-three, fifty-five or fifty-six. He said we should just go through the door in front of us. So we took off through the door. I was having some difficulty carrying all the pictures and my flute. Ringo was also loaded down with pictures. After going through the door, we found a gate, but it wasn't ours. The man there directed us downstairs. So we went down a couple flights of stairs and came to another gate. The man

there directed us to the next gate and from there we were directed to the next gate, which was our gate. We asked if this was the flight to Pennsylvania; someone said it was. We knew then that that was our flight.

The plane was almost ready to take off. The movable hall which led to the plane was still in position, but we saw a man in a tractor below was preparing to remove it. I jumped in the hall and began running toward the door shouting, "Wait, wait, wait."

Somehow I knew we were going to make it. Ringo was ahead of me. I had a feeling maybe he would make it and I wouldn't. I had a kind of vision of the plane taking off without me and crashing on takeoff, but instead I made it to the door.

Dream of: 03 September 1981 (2)
"Misconception"

I was in Portsmouth; I was thinking of calling up a girl with whom I had had sex with before. But it wasn't worth the trouble – she was really not much fun to be with, and the only reason I would be calling her would be to have sex with her.

I had a baggie of marijuana with me for which I had paid about \$15.

I wanted to see Walls. I first went to his house to look for him, and then went to his parents' house. I knocked on the door, but no one answered. I could hear a sweeper running inside; I figured whoever was running the sweeper couldn't hear me.

So I opened the door and looked inside. Walls was at the top of the stairs. He looked younger and his hair was black instead of gray. He saw me;

so I walked on it. After he had come downstairs, we began talking; he said he didn't have any marijuana at the moment. I told him I had some. He told me I could sit down at the table or on the floor and roll a joint. I walked across the floor where he had just swept and as I took the baggie from my pocket, I dropped some of the marijuana on the floor. I said, "Oh hell, now I've spilt it all over the place."

I went back and began picking up the spilt marijuana. Walls walked back into the room. He didn't seem to care that I had spilt some of the marijuana.

It seemed his wife Connie was also there.

Walls and I began talking. I said something about alcoholics and how I wished he would stop drinking alcohol. He mentioned Alcoholics

Anonymous and said the only people who went there were lawyers, doctors and music teachers. I told him I thought he had a misconception of the organization.

Dream of: 04 September 1981
"Graduation Day"

It was my last day of school at Portsmouth High School in Portsmouth, Ohio. I had just graduated and had my diploma in hand. I had been saying good-bye to some of my friends and was in an emotional state. I had been crying. I went out the back door, but instead of coming out onto the street, I found myself in a clearing in a little woods. I saw small boy who seemed like one of the Tindall's (brothers of Mark Tindall). I walked up to him and said, "Well, good-bye."

When I stretched out my hand to him, he took it and shook it. I embraced him tightly for a moment. I then let him go, said good-bye again and left him.

I was really emotional and was still crying. I walked back into the school where I saw some of my old classmates. I saw Dale (classmate from junior high school) and said hello to him. Most people had already left.

I went out in front of the school and saw Crabtree talking with George Musser (acquaintances from Portsmouth). Crabtree told Musser to get into his car, and mentioned some kind of Japanese name, perhaps "Kasukit." At first I thought he was talking about a motorcycle, but then realized he meant his car.

Although I lived only three blocks from the school, I went up to Crabtree and asked him if he could give me a ride home. He answered that he was only going for about a block in that direction to some kind of hardware store which he called "Pleiman's" (or something like that). I said, "Well, give me a ride as far as you're going."

I jumped into his car. I was upset because he didn't want to take me all the way home. I said, "I really feel bad that you don't want to take me all the way home. I don't feel bad for myself, but I feel bad for you, because I feel sorry for you that you wouldn't help someone like me out who needs a ride."

He answered, "Well, I'm sorry, but that's just the way it is. I'm just going to the hardware store."

We drove about a block down the street to the hardware store. I said, "Well, like I said, I really feel sorry for you."

I got out of the car and walked away.

Dream of: 04 September 1981 (2)

"Guitar Music"

Apparently I was living in a dormitory. When I awoke, Jon (my fellow law school classmate and friend) and I went to the shower room (which had five or six stalls). Since no one else was in the shower room, we concluded that we were late and that everyone else had already gone to a class being taught by professor Dohoney. We were in a hurry; Jon jumped into one shower while I jumped into another.

I had a tube of orange-colored shampoo which I pressed so hard the shampoo came out and filled up my

whole hand. Since I had only needed a tiny bit, I began trying to put the excess shampoo back in the tube. I first squeezed the tube, then held the mouth of the tube to the shampoo in my hand. A suction was created and the shampoo was gradually sucked back into the tube. I continued doing this for what seemed an interminable time.

When I finally left the shower stall, Jon was shaving by the wash basin. He had a little round jar of green shampoo. Since I still had quite a bit of shampoo in my hand which I couldn't get back into the tube, I asked Jon if he wanted it. He said OK, and I squeezed the shampoo out of my hand into his jar. My orange shampoo stayed separate from his green shampoo in the jar; the two colors didn't mix together.

As I put the lid back on the jar, I noticed the price on the lid was \$4.29.

I looked at myself in the mirror: I had forgotten to shave. Now it was too late: we had to go to class. We left.

Once outside, I was no longer with Jon, but with Kant Brito (a friend from the Dominican Republic whom I met in Puerto Rico in 1980). We were on a beach where a group of musicians was playing. One musician was an old man playing an instrument which was something like a cross between a guitar and a cello. About two meters long, it hung from a strap around the man's neck. It had two tiers of strings, one above the other. The man played while I stood listening.

Then another musician playing a guitar, but dressed like a policeman, jumped out from behind a stage.

Dream of: 05 September 1981

"Bomb In The Parachute"

Carolyn, Walls, Courtney (a male law student) and I were in the House in New Boston. Courtney was asking me one question after the other about when the House had been built and how long I had been living here. I didn't want to answer his questions right now because I wanted to be alone with Carolyn. Finally I told Courtney that Carolyn and I were leaving. Before I left, however, I asked Walls if he would mind cleaning up the kitchen table where he had been eating. He said he would. Carolyn and I walked outside and jumped into a truck which I had parked in front of the House. We decided to leave, but then changed our minds and went back into the House.

After going inside, we went to the bedroom and crawled under a cover on the bed. Carolyn now seemed more like a balloon than a person. The balloon was about 30 centimeters in diameter and was blue. I held the balloon up to my face and kissed it. Covering the balloon was a thin layer of nylon like cloth. Feeling the balloon was very pleasant.

I continued the affair with the balloon for a while, but finally stopped because a program which I needed to watch had come on a television in the room. I had a tape recorder with me and I wanted to record the program. A man came on the screen. He was at a race track and was describing the race there. Suddenly a picture on the screen showed a wreck. The man continued narrating as the picture was being shown. On the screen was the picture of a parachute. The

narrator described how the man who had had the car wreck had jumped out of the car, how the parachute had opened and how it had been pulled up by a gust of wind into the air. I watched as the parachute rose into the air. Suddenly a bomb which had been in the middle of the parachute exploded and created a large hole. The entire parachute along with the helpless man hanging onto it plummeted toward earth. The parachute crashed into a tree and hung there. The man had obviously been killed.

I turned around and looked into the room where Walls was. My father was also now in the House. He was in one room and Walls was in the kitchen farther away. The whole House, I then noticed, was filling up with smoke. After running into the kitchen where Walls was, I saw that he had

been cooking something and had let it burn. He had a pot with some kind of meat and stew in front of him. I looked into it and saw black smoke billowing out. Walls said he was sorry.

My father called me into the other room. He had another small pot in front of him. Apparently it likewise had burned at one time and he wanted to show me how to clean it out.

Dream of: 05 September 1981 (2)
"Poem Game"

Weinstein, four or five other people and I were at Weinstein's house in Portsmouth. We were playing a game, the idea of which was to make a little poem. The last words of the lines of the poem began with certain letters which were used to write a sentence which had something to do with the

law. Each person made sentences and then we all guessed (according to certain letters in the sentence) what the person was trying to say.

Each person took his turn. When Weinstein stood up, I noticed how short his hair was and how neatly dressed he was.

Dream of: 08 September 1981 **"Avocado Business"**

While I was being driven around Columbus in a taxi, a woman in the taxi began talking to the driver about her son, and said he was working as a dishwasher in Columbus. As we drove by a large, desolate, brick building, the taxi driver pointed it out and said the woman's son was working there. I thought it was a Penny's store.

I then got out of the taxi and got into another brand new car, which I

began driving. I was in the business of selling avocados.

I had a list of different addresses throughout the city which I was trying to find. At the moment I was looking for both High Street and Summit Street. The addresses were of people who wanted to buy avocados. As of yet, I hadn't found any of them. I spent almost an hour driving around trying to find one particular address. I didn't know the streets and drove like a madman, swerving in and out of traffic. At one point, I went around a curve and a girl stepped out in front of me. I swerved just in time to miss hitting her. I continued traveling up and down long, curvy streets.

Finally I stopped to talk with a man (about 40 years old). He was in the same business and apparently was my boss.

I had a new issue of Playboy magazine with me which I had recently bought. I was looking at the cover trying to find the bunny trademark. Then my boss said he wanted to read the magazine. I said, no, that I had just bought it and hadn't yet had a chance to read it myself. But then I thought, "I don't need this junk," and I gave it to him, without even having looked inside it. He took it and left.

Then I drove on and finally found the address I had been looking for. I sold one avocado for 50 cents.

I then returned to my place of business and encountered my boss. I told him I had sold an avocado for 50 cents. We had an avocado there which we cut open and began eating. It was delicious. It was one of the large kind which grow in

Puerto Rico, and not like the ones I had seen in Texas.

The person to whom I had sold the avocado called next and said he wanted to buy five more. I began calculating that I really wasn't making any money. I was buying the avocados at three for one dollar and was selling them for only 50 cents apiece. Plus I had to pay for the gas in order to deliver them.

The boss and I began taking and we decided we were going to have to begin charging seventy nine cents for each avocado. I told him I didn't want to call the fellow back up and tell him of the price change since I had just sold him one avocado for 50 cents. I told him to call the man back up and tell him the five avocados were going to cost seventy nine cents apiece instead of 50 cents.

Dream of: 09 September 1981

"Underwater"

I thought I was in a crime class being taught by professor Wendorf, but actually I was sitting on the back of a bush hog being driven by my step-grandfather Clarence. He was giving some kind of class. Oddly, we were on a lake. Clarence decided to go to another part of the lake to give the class. He sped up and the tractor acted like a boat pulling the bush hog. At first we went so fast I had difficulty holding on, but then I put down my head so I wouldn't be blown off. We continued across the lake and gradually I felt myself slipping off the bush hog.

Finally we arrived at a place close to the bank. Clarence slowed down. I stuck out my foot into the water and

touched bottom. The water was about waist deep.

I had a cord or rope or chain. Clarence made a sudden turn and I slipped off into the water. My cord became tangled up underneath the bush hog. I screamed out and then I went under water. Clarence looked back and saw what had happened. He jumped into the water and tried to reach me. Other students were there and they likewise jumped into the water after Clarence shouted to them.

Under the water, I thought I could just save myself if I wanted to, but since I knew the others were coming for me, I thought I would just remain still until they reached me. I stayed under the water for a while, but no one reached me. I knew though that they had to be nearby, and I thought maybe I should reach out and grab one of their legs. But it was just a

thought and I didn't actually reach out. I just waited for someone to save me.

Dream of: 09 September 1981 (2)
"Earthquake"

The buildings in downtown Portsmouth were colossal, perhaps 50 stories tall, and there seemed to be many more buildings than usual. But something far more unusual than the size and number of the buildings was apparent – the entire downtown, with all its structures, was somehow being disturbed. The buildings were actually moving, sliding from their original locations, grinding down the street. As I stood in the middle of the street and watched, I was amazed as a tall building slid past. I could even see the faces of people in the windows of the edifice.

When Marting's Department store (the major store downtown) began sliding along the street, part of the building overhanging the thoroughfare fell off with a thundering crash. If the store fell apart, I wondered, what would happen to all the merchandise inside. I figured the store had already been abandoned and that everything left inside would probably be destroyed. Perhaps I should enter and look for some new clothes; I could take whatever I found. I was unsure whether I would like a new pair of dress pants or a pair of blue jeans, but I thought I would prefer jeans. Perhaps I would also pick up a new pair of boots. But fortunately I just stood in the street and I didn't actually go inside, because just a few minutes later, the entire building tottered and toppled over.

Another building followed sliding down the street – First Federal Savings. I could also see people in the windows of this building.

Other people standing around me on the street were becoming agitated.

When I noticed four overweight women standing together, one with a loudspeaker, I divined that they belonged to a religious group and that they planned to spout religion over the loudspeaker. Provoked by this idea, I stormed over to them and demanded they allow me to speak on their loudspeaker. I then cried out, "Why is this happening?"

When the women ranted something in response, I answered, "Why do you think this is happening? Is this the work of God? Is God moving the buildings? No, God is not moving the buildings. This is an earthquake."

By now, buildings were shifting all around me, and large chunks were spinning into the street. Noticing a man standing near me, I thought if a piece of one of the buildings were to fall on him and crush him, I would be splattered with blood. And then it happened: a hunk of one of the buildings fell and crushed the man – and blood splashed over me.

Realizing how dangerous the immediate area was becoming, I briskly crossed the street to a small park which looked relatively secure.

Although a tall building might possibly fall and hit the park, I felt safer here than where I had been. Once I was in the park, my viewpoint seemed to change, so I was looking down on myself, watching myself from outside of myself. I observed a pretty woman (perhaps 30 years old) walk up to me in the park and

address me. Although I recognized the woman, I hadn't seen her in a long time. When she wrapped her arms around me, we sank down together into the grass. As we lay next to each other and talked, I told her how much I had missed her. She replied that it didn't matter anymore, that it didn't hurt anymore. I told her she was correct, that it didn't matter anymore, but that nevertheless I had missed her.

As we passionately embraced, I reached down, slipped my hand under her dress and brought it up between her legs. Managing to slide my hand inside her panties, I murmured, "I bet you have the sweetest little pussy."

She cooed, "You better believe it." As I started to ease my fingers inside her vagina, she moaned, "Now we shouldn't be doing this here."

I answered, "I know, but ..."

Dream of: 09 September 1981 (3)

"Being A Beast"

I was with a pretty girl who didn't look like anyone I knew. I talked with her and tried to delve into her past life, especially her sex life. I seemed to be in love with her. She seemed about 19-20 years old. I seemed to be about 22.

I asked her about some of her sexual experiences. I told her I knew one time she had been in Shawnee Forest and had had sex with 12 fellows. I asked her if that was true and she admitted it was. I asked her if she had liked it. She answered, "It was OK. It kept me awake."

I asked, "What was it like?"

She answered, "Like being a beast."

It didn't really make much difference to me. I just wanted her to be honest about it.

Dream of: 09 September 1981 (4)
"Wedding Invitation"

While in Portsmouth, I decided to call Ellen. I called Ellen's mother and asked her if Ellen was there. Her mother said she wasn't there, so I asked her when Ellen would be back.

When she replied that she didn't know exactly when Ellen would be back, I said something like, "Look, it's about 8 p.m. now. Tell her I'll call back about 9 if she comes in."

Then her mother said something to the effect, "Wait just a minute. She just came in."

A minute later Ellen came to the phone and said, "Hi."

I said hello and asked her what was new. She told me Pam was going to

get married that day. I tried to remember who Pam was and began looking at a book lying in front of me opened to the table of contents. The book appeared to be some sort of history book. Several chapter headings contained Pam's name and described various activities of Pam, but I still couldn't remember exactly who Pam was. I finally concluded that Pam was a girl whom I had barely known around 1972. She had a brother named Steve. When I mentioned to Ellen that I also saw the brother Steve's name in the table of contents, Ellen responded, "Yes, it's true. She went to bed with her brother."

Ellen mentioned another incident when Pam's brother had placed a pair of panties inside Pam's bra. Later when Pam had been at school, she had pulled the panties out while she

was in the toilet and everyone in the toilet had seen them.

At first I didn't understand whether Pam was already married or was going to be married, but I finally realized that Pam was going to be married at 10 o'clock that night. I asked Ellen whom Pam was marrying and she told me he was a businessman from the neighboring town of New Boston, Ohio. I had difficulty believing that Pam was going to marry a businessman since I knew that Pam was so young. It was hard to believe she was actually an adult.

Apparently Ellen and her first husband were going to go to the wedding. She said I could go, but I thought I only had one sports coat which really wasn't appropriate. Besides, I really didn't want to go.

Dream of: 09 September 1981 (5)
"Crazy As Hell"

While my father and my mother were having a fight in the West Salem House (in the little village of West Salem in Northern Ohio, where I lived from the ages 6-8, from 1959-1961), I ran outside and raced across the street to a neighbor's house, where a man and woman took me upstairs and showed me a room which they said I could rent. I stayed and talked with them for a short while, then returned to the House.

My father had departed. I walked upstairs and found my mother in the bedroom lying completely nude on her back on the bed. She started to pull a sheet over her, but I reached her before she could. She was badly bruised. A large black and blue bruise was on her neck and a large bruise

was also on her breast. I said, "You're crazy as hell if you don't get out of here right now."

She said, "I can't."

Apparently she was pregnant; she said my father was going to make her have an abortion. She was terrified of him. I said, "Well, you're crazy. He'll end up killing you."

Dream of: 09 September 1981 (6)
"No Excuse"

I was sitting upstairs in the living room of the Gay Street House. Some mail had come in and several magazines were amongst it. Some catalogs which had to do with French fashion and in particular French lingerie were among them. I looked through the magazines, thinking they probably contained pictures of scantily clad women. There were two copies of each catalog. I took one

copy of each and left one copy in the
stack of mail.

My father walked into the living and I
said, "Here's your mail."

I handed the mail to him and he said,
"OK."

I knew he had had a fight with my
mother and I could tell he was
agitated, but since he didn't say
anything about it, I didn't either. My
mother walked in, sat down and
suddenly blurted, "I'm leaving you."

My father and my mother began
discussing the fight. When my father
tried to justify his actions, I walked
over to my mother (who was wearing
a shirt with a high collar), pulled
down the collar and showed the big
bruise to my father, who had caused
the bruise by biting her. I pulled the
collar farther down, showed him the
mark on top of her breast, and

acerbically remarked, "She has marks all over her body where you have beaten her. Regardless of what she might have done, there is no excuse for your having done this."

My father proceeded to say he had beaten my mother because she had left him the night before and had gone to a bar with another man. Now I was baffled – I had thought the pommeling had occurred that day, not the day before. Confused about the actual time of the beating, I questioned my mother about the sequence of events. I thought one of them wasn't telling the truth.

Dream of: 10 September 1981
"Wild Herd Of Deer"

I was asking Angus McSwain about a pledge (about which I had just learned) which law students were required to take at the end of their

first year of law school. (We were talking in Spanish.) McSwain seemed shocked that I was asking him these questions now and that I hadn't heard about the pledge earlier. I told him I could ask someone else if he didn't have the time to tell me.

Apparently, however, he had decided to tell me about the pledge. We were in a car. We pulled away from where we had been sitting and drove by the Shawnee State University. Some other people were also in the car.

(They were in the process of making the pledge.) I mentioned to them that I had gone to college there my first two years when the school had been a branch of Ohio University.

We continued driving until we reached the Gallia County Farm where we found what appeared to be a little race track. As we drove around the track, the other people got

out of the car and buried wads of money at points along the track.

Each person had to make a pledge that if he violated any laws, he would lose all the money he had buried in the race track. If he didn't have any money to bury, and if he were convicted of any crime, then he would have to serve double the regular sentence for the crime. This all was part of a special law for lawyers.

I hadn't made the pledge yet, but I was preparing to. Before I did, McSwain walked off through the woods – leading a large herd of deer! The deer raced through the woods in a frenzy; I followed them.

In the forest we reached the entrance to a little road which had a little fence consisting of one metal bar across it. McSwain raised the bar and the deer raced through. On the other side of

the fence, the road sloped sharply downward; the deer stampeded down the slope. At the bottom of the slope was a small creek about ankle deep.

The deer splashed through to the other side. Now I realized we were in the large field which stretches out in front of the Farmhouse. I could see the Farmhouse almost a kilometer away.

Right after coming out of the creek, the deer ran into a large briar patch.

The deer went through the briars without difficulty; but when I attempted to go through the briars, I had difficulty. Briars were catching me all over; I had trouble freeing myself.

While I was occupied in the briar patch, the deer raced on ahead of me toward the Farmhouse. I was apprehensive as to what the deer might do when they reached the

Farmhouse. Something was wrong here: I feared the deer might kill my grandmother Mabel, who might be in the Farmhouse. I thought my step-grandfather Clarence was on another part of the Farm.

I looked up toward one of the far hills; I could see what looked like a white trail of smoke. I thought it was a person or deer running across snow.

I looked up; the herd of deer headed for the house had turned around. There were more deer than ever now – and they were running straight toward me. Were they going to try to kill me?

I backed up toward the briars. In my hand I had a large thorn like those that grow on locust trees. As one deer came toward me, I fended it off with the thorn. I fended off the deer a

couple more times. To my side was Symmes Creek, which was well over my head. I jumped into the creek and went completely under the water. When I surfaced, the whole herd was running more or less straight toward me.

Dream of: 10 September 1981 (2)
"Stolen Motorcycle"

I was on the Gallia County Farm. My step-grandfather Clarence had bought a big blue 1981 Honda motorcycle. I jumped on it, took off and rode it about seven kilometers to the little village of Centerville. There I decided I needed a new fender for the motorcycle and went into a store to buy one. An old woman behind the counter asked to see my driver's license. I handed my license to her and she asked me if I were going to Oregon.

I said, "No, I don't think so."
But actually I was thinking of heading all the way out west. However I knew I was stealing the motorcycle and began thinking that if I were caught along the way, I would be put in jail. On my driver's license, it said Doctor Steven Collier. Also beside my name were the letters EV. The woman asked me what that meant. A small boy standing beside me said that that meant Evens. I acknowledged that. I began thinking I still had the same license number on the motorcycle and thought I needed to find another motorcycle and switch license plates so the police wouldn't be able to pick me up by looking at my license plates. I noticed quite a few foreign people in the store. Among them were several Japanese who were apparently buying souvenirs.

Dream of: 11 September 1981 "A Sensible Arbiter"

I had been drawing pictures on paper and showing them to Leah. The pictures seemed to just be made of lines.

One sheet of paper was lined for music and I had been drawing some notes on the sheet. Jon was also with us and as I showed Leah the sheet with the musical notes, I said, "Oh yeah, Jon is really good at making these kind of notes on musical paper."

Jon then said, "Yea, but I keep running out of paper because this asshole keeps taking it all from me."

I was offended by that and replied, "No, I didn't. I've only used your musical paper twice."

We began arguing about the matter, until Leah finally said, "Well, there's no use arguing about it, because I can

guarantee you that he won't be taking your paper anymore."

She seemed to be referring to the fact that I wasn't going to be around anymore. I said, "Well, that's what I like - a sensible arbiter."

Dream of: 12 September 1981
"Keeping In Line"

Marta (an acquaintance from Puerto Rico) was sitting next to me on my left at a table in the library at the University of Puerto Rico Law School.

She saw a sign on the door of the library, and for some reason asked me if I would make a sign for her. An older woman and a young girl walked up and began talking with Marta. Then the girl also asked me if I would make a sign for her. I asked her what kind of sign she wanted and then I told her I would make it for her.

The girl and the woman started to leave, but first she said something to me and I replied, "Well, Marta will keep me in line."

My hand was on the desk. Marta put her arm on my hand and good naturedly and smiling said, "Why would you say something like that?"

I said, "Well, that's just the way Americans talk."

Dream of: 13 September 1981
"Borrowed Car And Motorcycle"

While I was in Portsmouth, Ohio, Denise (a Portsmouth girl with whom I had a short relationship when we were teenagers in 1970) let me borrow her old green car to take out two young girls I had met. After taking the girls to the Scioto Breeze drive-in, I got into the middle of the back seat with both. The girl on my right seemed to be my actual date

and the one on my left seemed to be her friend. I began kissing the girl on my left and gradually began letting my hands roam over her body. I began feeling her breasts, slipped my hand under her dress and brought it up between her legs. Gradually, I managed to take off all her clothes. I also took off my clothes and then lay on top of her. We began having intercourse and she told me she was a virgin. I began thinking about how many virgins I had had sex with and concluded that she was the fourth one.

I moved my head over to the other girl and began kissing her. When I did that, the girl I was having sex with became upset and she didn't seem to think I should be having sex with her and kissing the other girl at the same time.

I told her I didn't want to completely neglect the other girl. Both girls became unhappy about the situation.

We stayed out all night; I took the girls home the next morning. They lived next door to Denise's house, which was the house in which Carol Walls (a woman I met in Portsmouth around 1967) used to live on Jackson Avenue. When we arrived there, Denise and her father were sitting on the front porch of Denise's house next door. Denise and her father walked to the car and asked me if I had put water in the radiator. Apparently I was supposed to have done so. I said, "No, I forgot."

They were afraid the engine might have burned up. I told them I didn't think so, because the car had been running just fine. I turned off the car and then turned it back on again to show them. It started right up.

Denise looked in the radiator to see if she could see any water. She said she couldn't see any.

They decided to put oil in the car. But for some reason they couldn't check the oil because I hadn't put water in the car. I said, "Well, just put a couple of quarts in, and that'll be enough."

They agreed.

I had some clothes and five or six towels in the car. I began taking all my belongings out of the car, because Denise's father wanted to use the car immediately. I told him he was lucky I had brought the car back then because I had planned to bring it back later.

Charlie Samuels (a high school classmate) was also living in the same house as Denise. He had a motorcycle which I agreed to rent from him for \$35 for three days.

I had ten ounces of marijuana which I had bought from someone. I planned to take the marijuana some place and sell it. I needed the motorcycle for transportation. I decided to leave nine ounces in Denise's house. I took the other ounce with me and left on the motorcycle.

I encountered Phil Waddell (another high school classmate). I decided I wasn't going to need the motorcycle for the entire ten days. I told Waddell I would let him have it for the duration for only \$10. He thought about it for a while. He said he had once ridden a motorcycle to Texas; I told him I had once ridden one to Florida.

Finally I returned to Denise's house. When I arrived, I told someone to go in and fetch my marijuana for me. They went in and came back to tell me it wasn't there.

Someone had stolen it. But it didn't bother me, because I realized I wouldn't have to bother with it anymore.

Dream of: 13 September 1981 (2)
"Accusation"

Ramey and I had gone to a little shed on a farm where Ramey had been living with another fellow for a while.

The dirt-floor shed (devoid of furniture) didn't have a wall on one side. After we had sat down on the dirt floor, Ramey told me he was renting the shed from a farmer for \$60 a month and that he was two months behind in rent payments.

The farmer from whom Ramey was renting the shed walked in, sat down and said he had discovered marijuana growing amidst the corn in a nearby corn field. The farmer (40 years old) was carrying a little book about

marijuana and he began describing the marijuana he had found in the field. I spoke with the farmer about the marijuana, but Ramey remained quiet and didn't say a word during the entire conversation.

The farmer showed me a picture in the book and said the marijuana in the field was about a foot high.

Obviously the farmer was very intelligent. When he showed me the book, I saw a legal section in it, and in the back of the book was an Ohio court case dated 1969. After explaining to the farmer that I had studied law for a year, I took the book and began trying to read the Ohio case, trying to understand the law regarding cultivation of marijuana in Ohio, but the farmer took the book back before I had a chance to finish. He then stood and left.

While I had been talking with the farmer, I had concluded that Ramey had planted the marijuana. I told Ramey, "Whatever you do, don't go down there and try to pick any of that marijuana because he is probably going to be watching you with his field glasses from the house."

Ramey said it was about time he packed up and left the area. He said he saw a whole new life opening up for him and that it was all for the best anyway. Before Ramey could leave, however, the farmer returned and handed Ramey what appeared to be a citation for Ramey to appear in court. When I asked Ramey if I could see the paper, he handed it to me. It consisted of three or four pages of what seemed like thin white cardboard.

On the paper, I saw a row of words which said, "Accusation." I couldn't

fully understand what the accusations were because so many abbreviations were among the accusations. I said the citation was vague and ambiguous. Ramey and I both continued trying to read it, but neither of us could understand it. The farmer stood watching us with his hat in hand.

Finally I deciphered the citation: the charge was that Ramey was a never-do-well, that he hadn't been working for about a year and that he hadn't been doing anything.

I told the farmer that he could sue Ramey, but that a lawsuit was going to cost the farmer considerable money, and that Ramey might sue the farmer in turn. I told the farmer that I would try to find a good lawyer for Ramey and that I was going to show the citation to my law professors.

The farmer seemed taken aback by what I had said; he didn't seem to understand what he had gotten himself into. I explained to him that starting a legal process could be a dangerous affair, and one needed to be quite sure of what one was doing before beginning. I said that the present action was a farce and that the farmer had no grounds for an action against Ramey. I told the farmer he would probably end up being sued himself.

The farmer mentioned that Ramey was two months behind in his rent; from the farmer's statement, I inferred the farmer was thinking of evicting Ramey for non-payment of rent. I became agitated, jumped up and said, "No, you can't simply kick him out. You have to give notice first. But I'm not going to tell you about all that. You're going to have to hire a

lawyer to tell you your rights. Of course if you want to pay me something, I might give you some information. But if you want to kick him out right now, go ahead and do it now while there are two witnesses here and then see what happens."

I thought of telling the farmer he would find Ramey and his friends would be honest in the whole matter if called to testify, but then I decided not to say anything else.

I told Ramey, "Just don't say anything else to him. Just tell him to get off your land."

Instead of waiting for Ramey to tell the farmer to leave, I jumped up and said, "Get out! Get off this land. Even though the land does belong to you, Ramey has rented it and you are a trespasser. If he tells you to get off

and you come back on, you can be
sued for trespassing."

The farmer picked up his hat and left.

Dream of: 16 September 1981

"The Boy In The Book"

While living in my own little house
(which had a garage connected to it),
I was thinking about stealing a brand-
new white van which my next door
neighbor had bought. I thought that
after I stole the van, I could change
the license tags and then one day I
could just drive away in the van.

So I put the plan into operation. I
stole the van one night and hid it in
my garage. The next day, however, I
felt terrible because I knew I had
done something wrong.

I had begun reading a book in which
the same type of thing had happened.

It was a story about a boy who had
stolen a car.

I began thinking I couldn't keep the van and I knew I was going to get into trouble. I finally decided I would tell my father about it and ask him what to do.

Meanwhile I continued reading the book -- the boy in the book did the same thing I was thinking of doing: he went to his father, told him he had done something terrible, and asked his father if he could talk with him about it. The boy told his father it would be a thousand times better to tell him what he had done than not to tell him. His father told him that of course he could tell him. So the boy in the book confessed to his father that he had stolen a car.

His father immediately became upset and replied in a rather nasty way that he was ashamed of the boy. The father didn't try to help his son and

the father implied that nothing was left between them.

After reading the story, I was unsure whether I should tell my father I had stolen the van.

I was feeling absolutely terrible. I was crying and I felt as if I were in a hopeless situation. I dejectedly thought about how stupid I had been to steal the van. I had the van now, however, and I had to do something with it, but I simply didn't know what to do.

Dream of: 18 September 1981

"Tell All Nations"

My father and I were in a cabin cruiser listening to someone reading a book about a son who tried to take away a woman from his father; the father in the book was thinking of shooting the son. My father said, "That would take a long, hard shot."

My father seemed to be saying it would be difficult for a father to shoot his own son. I stood silently listening, while several people stood looking at me. I knew they knew I had once tried to take a woman from my father.

One fellow was nude. He seemed angelic. I could tell he felt sorry for me. He walked up close to me and stood right next to me so his penis was touching my arm. I moved my arm so he wouldn't be touching it.

We looked down at the water; it seemed as if we were high above the water. The water was moving about and on the surface were many large white pieces of something almost like ice. Someone said, "Tell all nations." As I looked at the pieces, they seemed to interlock, and I thought each piece represented a nation. There were many more pieces than there were

nations, so I thought all the nations of history were included.

Later I debarked from the boat and found myself in front of a wall. It seemed someone was reading something in the background of a biblical nature. The reading was about someone who had had many possessions and had lost everything except a sack and his flute.

Suddenly I saw the person about whom was being read in front of me. He was on a burro. The bundle and the flute were also on the burro. The burro started walking away from me.

I hollered to it and they turned around and came back to me.

The burro now seemed more like a horse and was dancing all about, trying to get close to me. Suddenly it reached over with its mouth, grabbed my hand and began sucking it. It

seemed like a friendly gesture and I said, "These horses here love to suck a person's hand, don't they."

Dream of: 20 September 1981
"Old Murder"

I had found out something about Buckner's parents (who seemed much like my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel). I learned that Buckner's father had once tried to kill Buckner's mother. I decided to tell Buckner about it, but before I could, I learned Buckner's father had actually killed a man about 20 years earlier. The murder had taken place outdoors on a farm. Buckner's father had simply found the murdered man (who seemed like a Mexican) on his farm and had killed him.

As I learned all these facts, I myself was standing by a fence on a farm. I

looked up on the ridge of a nearby hill and saw a group of Mexicans who were all wearing large sombreros.

The Mexican man who had been killed had also been wearing a distinctive type of sombrero. I then noticed one of the hats lying on the ground near where the murder had apparently taken place.

Since Buckner's parents had never told Buckner about the murder, I decided to tell him myself. Buckner's parents were living in a large house similar to the Gay Street House, except it had six stories instead of two. I went to the dining room (on the sixth floor) and sat down at a table to eat with Buckner and his parents.

Buckner and I were both wearing suits. I began dropping some hints about the murder and Buckner's father seemed to be catching on, although he seemed to be distracted

by something and he actually seemed mentally unbalanced. Buckner's mother however knew what was happening and that I was about to tell Buckner the truth.

I then accompanied Buckner to the murder scene. But it wasn't outside in the field but rather was on the fifth floor of the house. I took Buckner into one of the many rooms on that floor to show him around.

I had also read a newspaper article which had described the murder as having been of a French person (instead of a Mexican). On one page the article had said the French government had a lawyer fighting the case who was expected to win.

As Buckner and I walked through one of the rooms, we saw some boy scouts walking around. We didn't want them to see us, and I told Buckner to lie

down behind one of the doors. He did so, but the boy scouts saw us anyway as they walked through. We rose and as we proceeded walking through the rooms, I began explaining to Buckner how his father had killed a man.

Dream of: 20 September 1981 (2)
"Uncharacteristically Beautiful"

I was standing at the counter of the Penny's store in Portsmouth and was preparing to buy something. In my hand I had my plastic Citibank card. I noticed the card had a tear in the middle where it had been bent. Then I realized I couldn't use the Citibank card in Penny's, and said, "Wait a minute. I'm not sure that I have any cash."

I opened my billfold, put the card back in and saw that I had a twenty and two tens. What I was buying cost less than \$10, so I pulled out a ten

and gave it to the cashier. She asked me if I had any identification. I said, "What do I need identification for? I just gave you \$10 cash."

She replied, "Well, the policy calls for us to ask for identification with each purchase."

I had identification with me, but said, "No, I don't have any. I don't believe in it."

She said, "Well, OK."

She then took the money and gave me my purchase.

I pushed a rack with some hangars on it out of my way, and then met a blond-haired fellow who told me his name was Stuart. We talked and he said his sister was going to pick him up. I myself was waiting for Carolyn, who was buying a dress in another part of the store. I told the fellow I had to take Carolyn home, and he

said he would give me a ride. Then he asked me when I was going to get my grade card and I said maybe in a week or two. We then walked out front where several people were standing around and I waited for Carolyn.

Finally she came out the front. Pretending I didn't know her, I walked up to her and said, "Well, who is this uncharacteristically beautiful young thing?"

She backed up and said, "Oh no you don't."

When she walked away from me, I followed her and said, "Ma'am, I didn't meant to offend you."

As the people around us watched, she turned around, gave me her hand and walked back with me to where Stuart was. I introduced her to Stuart, who said his name was Leo Stuart. I said,

"Oh, your last name is Stuart. I thought your first name was Stuart." Stuart's sister drove up and I told him it was a long ways to drive to Carolyn's house. But he said he didn't mind. As we prepared to board the car, I debated with myself whether I should sit in the front seat with Stuart's sister and let Stuart in the back with Carolyn. I thought Stuart seemed like a nice guy and maybe it would be good if Carolyn met someone like him, since I was never around.

Dream of: 22 September 1981
"Cerca Del Corazon"

Marta and Juan (acquaintances from Puerto Rico) were sitting in a car which I was driving. We were all drinking from a six pack of beer, and Marta was obviously becoming intoxicated on the alcohol. I came to a

one way street and turned left. I finished my beer and asked for another. Marta opened up her coat, where I thought she had the beer, but the beer was actually in her purse. I said, "I thought you were keeping the beer close to your heart."

I tried to think of how to say that in Spanish and the words "cerca del corazon" came to mind.

After stopping for a moment, I stepped out of the car and put on my glasses, which I hadn't been wearing while driving. I seated myself in the car again, removed the glasses and said, "I'm taking off my glasses because I don't want to remember that I'm driving."

Dream of: 22 September 1981 (2)
"Aguadilla"

I went to professor Pasalacua's (a professor at the University of Puerto

Rico Law School) class and listened to a short lecture. Suddenly Pasalacua said we were going to take a written exam right now and that we would have 15 minutes within which to finish. I was shocked. I had had no idea a test was going to be given. All the other students already had their papers and pens ready, while I was still trying to dig out some paper.

Meanwhile, Pasalacua said the subject about which we were to write was Algeria. We were supposed to discuss the future of Algeria and whether it was going to become a country and cease to be a protectorate.

I began trying to write. I had thought Algeria was already a country and I had trouble reconciling that notion with its being a protectorate.

Meanwhile, Pasalacua continued

talking and prevented me from
concentrating.

I tried to think of the name of the
country which was to the south of
Algeria. I thought it had something to
do with the Sahara, but I couldn't
remember its name. The name "Sierra
Leone" came to mind, but I didn't
think that was correct. Then I tried to
think of the country to the east of
Algeria, and concluded it was Libya. I
thought Libya was likewise a
protectorate. I began writing,
"Argelia, como sus heramas al sur y
este, aun no es un pais."

I thought there was oil in Algeria and
said the oil would play an important
role in Algeria's future.

All the while, Pasalacua continued
talking. Finally I said, "I can't fucking
concentrate."

Pasalacua knew I was referring to his talking breaking my concentration, but he just looked at me and continued talking.

The other students were diligently writing away. I had only written about half a page. Finally I just threw my paper up in the air. Pasalacua paid no attention to me. The 15 minutes were rapidly running out and the other students began turning in their papers; but I had no paper to turn in. The 15 minutes ended, but Pasalacua let the remaining students continue writing. Finally everyone except me turned in their papers.

Pasalacua kept talking. He said he had mentioned Algeria three times in class. But he said probably no one in the class knew the exact status of Algeria or how much oil was being produced there. Then he spoke of his

past exams and of some answers
which students had written.

He saw I hadn't turned in a paper. He was very understanding about it and said I could possibly retake the exam the following week. But I was so disgusted I just walked out of the class without saying anything to anyone.

As I left, I heard some students saying the test was going to count half of our grade. If that was true, then I was obviously going to fail the course. It was only a 2 hour course and I thought I hadn't planned to take as many hours next semester, so I could take the course over. I likewise thought I would have to take legal research. But since that was only a one hour course, both together only totaled three hours.

I walked down the hall to another classroom, opened the door and went in. An unshaven man (about 50 years old) was sitting there. I didn't know what he was doing there. I felt really discouraged. Some other students were there. I began watching a movie the man was showing. I also had a book to read which followed the movie. All the other students left before the movie ended.

The movie ended, but I still hadn't read the last page of the book. I shut the book without reading it. The man then asked me if I knew what the movie was about and what I thought about it. I said, "I didn't understand it. But that wasn't unusual. I don't understand anything that is going on anymore in my classes."

He said, "Open the book and read the last page. The movie was experimental and the critics didn't

like it. That's why you didn't like it –
because you're a critic."

I opened the book, read the last page
and then understood what the movie
had been about. But I didn't
understand one word on the last
page. The word was "Aguadilla."

The man and I left the classroom
together. I asked him if he knew what
"Aguadilla" meant. He said he didn't
know. I pulled out my dictionary from
my back pocket. It said that
"Agaudilla" meant "scales." I tried to
explain to him that scales were the
outer covering of a fish.

Dream of: 25 September 1981 "Ice And Snow"

I was downstairs in the secretary's
office of the Gay Street House. Walls
walked in. I had tried to call Walls the
previous night, but had been unable
to reach him. He looked younger than

usual. I went to him, hugged him tightly and said, "Come on in."

We walked into my father's office. My father wasn't here at the moment. We were talking when my father walked in. He handed me a bunch of papers and said I was supposed to give them to Walls. He also said something about trying to keep Walls from screaming when he read the papers.

I took the papers to Walls. I knew immediately what they were. Walls was insured with my father's insurance agency and the papers were for suspension of insurance because Walls had too many driving while intoxicated on alcohol violations. I handed the papers to Walls and said, "I don't know what these are, but my father told me to give them to you."

Walls looked them over without saying anything.

I told Walls my father wanted me to take something to Columbus for him and asked Walls if he would like to accompany me. He agreed and we headed to Columbus. It was snowing and Walls was in a bad mood because of his suspension.

I had a baggie of gold-colored marijuana with me. It weighed about 10 grams. Walls lit up a joint which he had which had already been half smoked. We smoked it as I drove along. When we finished smoking, I was rather intoxicated.

We pulled into a gas station and I got out of the car. Walls moved over behind the steering wheel to pull the car up to the tank. But as the car started sliding on the ice, I said, "Don't do anything. Just let me do it."

Since Walls no longer had any insurance, I was worried he might have an accident. I slipped back into the car and began trying to turn it around. The gas station attendant walked up. I picked up my baggie of marijuana from the front seat and stuck it in the pocket of the blue coat which I was wearing. I was afraid the attendant might see it.

The attendant knew Walls and said something to him. I stepped out of the car and glanced at the attendant. I thought it was Henry Mason (an acquaintance from elementary school) and said, "Oh, Henry Mason." He looked at me rather strangely and said, "No, I'm not Henry Mason."

I said, "No, I guess you're not." I began thinking, "Well, it's probably been ten years since I last saw Henry Mason."

I told the attendant to put five dollars' worth of gas in. After doing so, he returned to me and said, "That'll be two dollars."

I said, "Two dollars?"

He looked at the meter again and said, "No, I mean five dollars."

I looked in my billfold and saw two two dollar bills, one five dollar bill, one one dollar bill and some other tens and twenties. I thought I pulled out the two two dollar bills and the one dollar bill and gave them to him; but mistakenly I handed him the five dollar bill also. He looked at the money a moment and handed the five dollar bill back to me, even though he could have kept it.

I slipped into the back seat. I had on a pair of tight fitting pants and wanted to put on a looser pair. So I took off

my pants, was nude for a moment and then put on the other pants.

I crawled back into the front seat. The car began sliding and it slid right into one of the gas meters. But it just barely hit it. Although I had the keys in my hand, I was having trouble finding the right one for the ignition. Finally I found the right key and put it in the ignition. I started the car, backed it up and drove out onto the highway. Much snow was on the ground.

Out on the highway I felt like smoking another joint, but there was too much traffic. Walls was morose. He said now that his insurance had been suspended by one company, he wouldn't be able to obtain insurance with anyone else because a law prohibited it. He said he wouldn't be able to drive anymore without insurance. He mentioned that his

father was with another insurance company and that his father would probably be suspended soon also. At first I was heading the wrong way.

I saw some signs which said New York and I knew I had to turn around because I wanted to return to Portsmouth. So I turned around.

I came to a part of the road which had been changed. We weren't even on the road anymore. We seemed to be on a little path in the woods. We came to a place where the old road had been closed off and the little path we were on veered off to the right. The old road had been plowed up and made into a park. Walls said, "They've plowed up the road and put benches for old people in its place."

As we passed the benches I said, "Nobody probably uses those fucking benches."

Dream of: 26 September 1981

"Battle To The Death"

I was living in what appeared to be an attic room about 20 meters long and 10 meters wide. Five or six friends were visiting me, including Dorie and Arturio (two Puerto Rican law students I had met), and Ronald Reagan's granddaughter.

As we all sat talking, someone mentioned the state of my room. The ceiling was in bad shape - a large part was missing so the roof could be seen through the rafters. The room was sparsely furnished with only a television, a radio and a bed.

Someone said if the place were fixed up, it would be livable. That was true, but I didn't have the money to refurbish the room. If I had the money (I told the others), I would put

in a new ceiling and I would carpet the hardwood floor.

Someone said he would put tile on the floor. I answered I would definitely rather have carpeting. I said that was one of the differences between Puerto Ricans and Americans: Americans usually had carpeting in their homes while Puerto Ricans preferred tile. I said I not only preferred carpet because it kept one's feet warm in the winter, but because one could just lie down any time on the carpeting and roll around.

About a dozen posters hung on the wall, like strips of paper pasted to the wall. Across the front of each poster was written the word "equanimity," which blended into the design of each poster. I hadn't put up the posters myself - they had been there before I had come. Since I hadn't thought the

posters looked bad, I had just left them on the walls.

Arturio said he wanted to hear the news, so I turned the radio on the news station, WKAQ. The news came on and we listened to it a while.

Finally we all decided to leave. We walked outside and boarded a car. We drove around and as we did, we began letting the different people off at their various homes. Finally, only the driver in the front seat, and Ronald Reagan's granddaughter and I in the backseat, were left in the car. I didn't really know what to say to her.

I didn't want to ask her for a date, even though I felt as if she wanted to go out with me. She seemed like a country girl, not too bright. Finally I asked her how it felt to be the granddaughter of Ronald Reagan. She said it felt fine. I told her it sounded interesting to me. She could go to the

White House any time she wanted. She could go through the closets and find out what was in them. She said Nancy Reagan had invited her to come to the White House any time she wanted.

When the car finally stopped for her to get out, I realized my father was the person driving the car. I thought at first he was going to drive me back to my place, but instead (after letting off Reagan's granddaughter) he drove off in another direction. I saw now we were in New Boston, Ohio headed east toward Sciotoville. As we drove through New Boston, we saw Dorie on the street and my father implied I should ask her out. I told him no, that she already had a boyfriend, and that she was probably headed to see him right now.

We drove through Sciotoville. Clearly a terrible storm had passed through:

many houses had been blown off their foundations and many cars were overturned. My father didn't notice the wreckage until I pointed it out to him. Obviously a terrible tornado had hit the area.

When my father continued driving out into the country, I asked him where we were going and he said he would show me. We passed some fields, irregular in shape and enclosed in fences. Cows and fruit trees stood in different fields. Finally I told my father I didn't want to waste my time. He replied this wouldn't be a waste of my time and he asked me if I thought he would waste my time.

Suddenly we reached a swampy area. My father drove the car right through the swamp until we came to a stop on a little island completely surrounded by the swamp. I knew quicksand surrounded the island. I became

apprehensive and said, "What are we doing here?"

Suddenly I knew my father was going to try to kill me. I remembered someone was going to give me \$120,000 and I figured my father thought if I died, he would receive all that money.

I quickly jumped out of the car and blurted that I wasn't going to receive the money. I said I had signed a note already, and I was wasn't going to accept the money. That was a lie, because I hadn't signed any note; but I thought perhaps the lie would deter him.

He came out of the car toward me anyway. I pulled off my coat and swung it at him in an attempt to knock him down. I missed, however, and instead, I ended up slinging my coat out into the middle of the

swamp. I rapidly began kicking off my shoes and unbuttoning my shirt. I was hoping I could swim out, because I could see this was going to be a battle to the death.

Dream of: 29 September 1981
"Atomic Bombs"

My father and my mother, as well as my sister and my brother Chris (afflicted with muscular dystrophy), were with me in the House in Patriot. We were gathered in the living room, listening to a radio broadcast describing a nuclear bomb attack which would soon decimate the United States. It seemed that several warheads were headed toward the States, and that one warhead had already struck Dallas.

Alarmed, I immediately decided we should abandon the House. My father and mother, however, indicated they

didn't want to leave. Deciding to depart anyway, I loaded my sister and Chris into the car and, leaving my parents behind, I climbed into the car, started it up, and headed down the road.

I had only driven a short distance when the car malfunctioned and slowed to a crawl. Noticing some attractive modern houses on my left, I pulled into the driveway of one and parked. After stepping from the car, I approached the door of the house, intending to ask someone if I could use a phone to call my mother to come and pick us up.

When the door opened for me, however, and I walked through into a spacious room, I discovered the house was actually a military intelligence center. At the moment, the man in charge of the center was trying to decide how the United States should

retaliate for the nuclear weapon
attack.

Perhaps a dozen other people,
including several women, were also in
the room. Two girls were playing a
board game, which I also considered
playing, before deciding better. Much
more than in a game, I was interested
in what some of the other people in
the room were doing: listening to
someone on a radio announcing that
an island named Philadelphia, off the
coast of Florida, would be the next
target to be bombed.

Since this house seemed relatively
safe, I thought maybe we should all
descend the stairs to the basement
and begin preparing the basement as
a bomb shelter. I also began thinking
it was time for us all to kneel down
and pray to God. I was just about to
kneel, when one of the winsome
blonde girls who had been playing the

board game walked over to me.
Standing before me, she allowed me
to wrap my arms around her, pull her
close to me and kiss her.

Dream of: 01 October 1981

"Vampire Game"

I was sitting in a bedroom with my
brother Chris and my sister.
Apparently we were all vampires – we
were playing a little vampire game of
biting each other on the neck and
sucking blood.

First I was supposed to bite my sister
on the neck. My fangs began growing.
I bit her on the neck and sucked her
blood.

Then it was my sister's turn to bite
someone on the neck; but she
couldn't get her fangs to grow. She
sat futilely trying to grow her fangs.
Finally I said, "Well, then we'll just let
Chris go ahead and take his turn."

My sister seemed dubious that Chris would be able to grow his fangs, because she didn't think Chris was really a vampire. I said, "Well, you'll see."

Chris, sitting on the bed, likewise had trouble growing his fangs. I was a little afraid of Chris, because I didn't really think he was a vampire either. There seemed to be something good about Chris and for that reason I was afraid of him. I looked into his eyes and he seemed like some kind of great being. I thought he had power which could simply destroy me.

I put a towel around my sister and she and I began spinning around. Her fangs had begun to grow. I wondered whose blood she would suck, mine or Chris's.

Dream of: 02 October 1981 "Blue Haze"

I was talking with a fellow as I walked down a hall at the University of Puerto Rico Law School. He asked me some questions about my student identification card and implied I had committed an irregularity when I had obtained the card. But I had done everything correctly – he was mistaken. Nevertheless he continued asking me about it. I inferred from what he was saying that he was planning to go to the administration to complain about the irregularity. I tried to remember whether I had done anything wrong, and whom I had told about having been in prison in Iran. I concluded I had told four people – Brian, Leah, Haim and a professor at the UPR Law School, former president Ronald Reagan. If anyone had any questions about the matter, I would simply call in Ronald Reagan to testify I had told him; that

should be a point in my favor. I had told him about my Iranian experience before beginning studies at UPR and he hadn't thought it would cause me any problem.

I left the school with several other people on motorcycles. One was Paul McCartney.

But then I was no longer on the motorcycle. I was just watching what was taking place as if watching a movie. I watched McCartney going down the road. He began picking up speed. A police car with two policemen in it began clocking McCartney and pulled up behind him. The police car began chasing him, but McCartney didn't even see the car.

The policemen in the car were clocking McCartney and saw his speed increase to 100 miles per hour, then to 300, 500 and finally to 1,000 miles per hour.

The police likewise increased their speed to keep up with McCartney. The police began talking with each other and said the motorcycle had a capacity of going over 2,000 miles per hour.

I watched McCartney and as I looked at the expression on his face, I thought he was in a "blue haze." Obviously he was high on some type of drug.

Suddenly McCartney thought, "I'll put up the white flag to these policemen." He stopped and pulled off the side of the road. The policemen pulled up behind him and one jumped out of the car. McCartney had pulled off the curb too far into the dirt. He started to pull back onto the pavement. The policeman ran up and said, "Hold it. Hold it. Where do you think you're going?"

McCartney had no intention of leaving. He stopped when he was back up on the concrete.

Dream of: 03 October 1981 "Plane Tickets"

As I was standing in an airport – reading something I was holding – I felt something on the top of my head. At first I ignored the feeling, but then I felt it again. I reached up, felt my hair and when I pulled my hand away, found a bunch of hair in my hand. A girl was standing next to me with a pair of scissors in her hand. Clearly she had cut the hair on top of my head.

Her action made me rather angry. I asked her why she had cut my hair, but I received no answer. Finally I decided I would simply sue the girl in a tort action. She worked here at the airport selling tickets. I pulled out a

piece of paper, wrote down her name and began gathering the names of several people who had been witnesses to the act.

Since I was leaving, I would be unable to appear in court. But I could sue her anyway and simply write my testimony without actually appearing in court.

I was planning to travel to Europe; a one-way ticket would cost \$180.

My girlfriend Carolyn showed up. I asked her if she would like to go to Europe with me; I told her I would pay her way if she would go. I didn't really think she would accept my offer, but she said she would go with me. I asked her if she was sure; she said she was sure she wanted to go.

It was already almost 8 p.m.; the plane was supposed to leave at 8:30 p.m.. I went back to the ticket office.

The girl who had cut my hair was in another office; a long line of people was waiting to buy tickets from her.

As I started to go into the office, a door started coming down from above to cut me off. It was like an elevator door; I touched the rubber part with my hand and it went back up. I went on into the room.

I told the girl behind the counter I wanted to go to Europe; I asked her if the plane landed in Paris or London. She replied they had planes to Paris, London or Houston. She said it would cost \$212 for each ticket. I only had about \$800-\$900. I reached into my pocket for the money, but then I thought, "\$212?"

I slammed my fist on the counter and said, "Wait a minute. This morning they told me that tickets were only

\$180. \$212 is more than I can really afford to pay."

Meanwhile Carolyn was waiting outside.

The girl said, "Well, I don't know why they told you that tickets were only \$180."

I said, "Well, this morning at this very counter the girl told me that tickets were \$180 each."

The girl rose and showed me a ticket with the letter "C" on it. She showed me a chart on the wall which had a row of letters under which were various prices. She said, "Look, here's the letter 'C'. Look for the price there on the wall."

I looked; the price was \$212. She said some tickets were as high as \$2,000. I mentioned my luggage. She said it was too late to get my baggage on. I

said, "What? Even if I buy the ticket right now and leave immediately?"

She said, "Well, if you hurry you might get it on but it's getting awfully late. You'll probably have to carry it on the plane."

I didn't want to do that because I had five large suitcases. I stood here trying to decide. I really wanted to go and I really wanted to take Carolyn with me. But where would we would stay and how would we survive? I was uncertain what to do.

Dream of: 04 October 1981

"Campus Book Store"

I was in the library of the University of Puerto Rico Law School in San Juan and noticed some new regulations which had been passed and posted for second year law students. A new four hour course had been added to the list of required

courses. I thought the four extra hours had probably been added at the behest of the American Bar Association (ABA) to see if Puerto Rican law students could meet the challenge of taking four more hours on top of their regular course load. The ABA had probably sent down a mandate that the law school must either comply with the extra four hour requirement or lose its accreditation.

I left the library, went to the campus book store and looked at some law books. Someone standing nearby showed me a book of cases of the Atomic Energy Commission. Noting that the book cost \$14.95, I said, "Well, that's one book I'm certainly not going to buy."

I figured if I needed to read any Atomic Energy Commission cases I could simply look them up in the

library. I next picked up a small book and began leafing through it. It concerned why no courses should be required in law school and why law students should be able to choose whatever courses they wanted to study.

Suddenly a man behind the cash register counter stood up, started pounding his pencil on the counter to call everyone's attention and said he had an announcement to make. All the people in the book store became quiet.

The man then said Adolph Hitler had announced today he had been living in a Latin American town since the end of World War II. He had been in prison the entire time and had just now been released. He was now 90 years old. He wanted to return to Germany, had already boarded a plane and was in route to Germany.

On his way he was planning on making a stop in Puerto Rico.

Papa Doc, the head of state of Puerto Rico, had announced he wanted as many people as possible to go to the airport and greet the plane when it landed, even though the plane was only scheduled to make a short stop. The man behind the counter then sat back down.

I began talking with someone about what we had just heard. No one seemed to be sure whether it was actually Adolph Hitler who had turned up. Some people thought the story was true; but others were dubious. Some said it would be difficult to prove the man was actually Adolph Hitler. Others said Adolph Hitler had invited Winston Churchill to come and talk with him.

Dream of: 06 October 1981 "A Resolution"

I was in Portsmouth; Ohio where for some time I had been trying to learn how to attend the city council meetings where laws were passed. I learned the meetings weren't merely for the small body of council members, but also for the public in general. However, there was a membership and if someone from the public wanted to attend a meeting, he must have been invited by a member. I also learned that George Musser (a Portsmouth acquaintance whom I knew briefly in 1970) was one of the members of the city council.

Typically, at council meetings, the floor was thrown open to resolutions and debate over the resolutions. If the resolutions passed, they became law in Scioto County, Ohio.

I managed to enter one meeting. Before arriving, I had written my own resolution which proposed the legalization of marijuana. Before the meeting began, I passed out some literature to try to persuade as many people as possible to vote in favor of my resolution.

The meeting was opened and some other business was first attended to. A speaker read all the resolutions. Finally he arrived at my resolution which also stated some reasons why marijuana should be legalized. One reason was that approximately 80% of young people were already smoking marijuana and were therefore in blatant violation of the law. As a consequence they had lost much respect for the law.

My resolution also mentioned that the writer of the resolution smoked 345 grams of marijuana a year. The

speaker (obviously opposed to the resolution) declared, "That just gives you an idea of what the idiot is like who wrote this thing."

At the end of my resolution were the signatures of five or six people. My signature was at the bottom of the list.

When the speaker asked for a motion to pass the resolution, I stood up and said, "I do so move."

Someone to my right seconded the motion and asked me if the resolution as it stood could actually be passed into law in Scioto County.

The speaker threw the resolution open to debate. Some people seemed concerned that the small body of people present could vote on the resolution and pass it into law. They seemed to think a resolution of that type would require a vote of the

entire county and not merely of the small number of people present at the meeting.

A girl asked whether the word "marijuana" might not include other "dangerous and killing substances." I didn't have the floor at the moment, but I thought if that were true, then any substance which was legalized could include "dangerous and killing substances." The girl then produced a list of "dangerous and killing substances" and began reading it. The first substance on the list was something called "brown blabba." I had no idea what brown blabba was, but the crowd began laughing when they heard the name. The girl proceeded to read off the rest of the list.

Meanwhile I began looking around the room trying to determine whether there would be enough votes to pass

the resolution. I saw Dave Richter (a former high school schoolmate) and Brenda Boley (a fellow law student); they obviously would vote against the resolution. But I saw many people who would surely vote in favor of the resolution. A question still remained whether this assembly had the power to pass the resolution into law. Some serious discussion ensued as to the actual nature of the resolution.

Dream of: 09 October 1981

"Snake In A Cooler"

I was sitting in the middle of a class taught by Dohoney at Baylor Law School. When Dohoney asked me a question, I didn't know the answer. She proceeded to ask questions of other students in the room. Some students were different from the ones with whom I had originally begun law school. About 30 students were

present who had begun classes the quarter after I had begun.

Although she wasn't obvious about it, I could tell Dohoney was surprised to see me back at Baylor. Still, she apparently had known beforehand that I was going to return.

The topic being discussed had to do with third world countries. Dohoney asked me whether a country whose policies didn't agree with the policies of another country was "kickable." I answered that a country was kickable if its policies didn't agree with the policies of other countries; but that didn't mean the country had the right to kick the other country.

Several hands shot up around the room. Someone else answered the question and said the country wasn't kickable. It seemed as if the person

had said basically what I had said, but had turned the meaning around.

I spoke up again and said, "Well, that's what I mean. If one country's policies don't agree with those of another country's, then the other country has the power to kick the first country, but that doesn't mean that the second country has the right to kick the first country."

I moved over to the right side of the class; finally I walked outside. I immediately became entangled in some briar bushes and couldn't seem to extricate myself. They pricked me all over my body. I tried and tried to free myself. As soon as I would pull off one briar, another would catch me. I remembered I had recently had a dream in which I had been ensnared in a briar bush. Finally, I fell over into the briars; they clung to me all over.

At last I freed myself. I was out in the woods. I saw a small cabin and entered it through the back door. I walked to the front of the cabin. Dohoney was in another room in the front. I heard some people there scream, "Oh no! Steve is coming!" Dohoney screamed, "No! Don't come in here, Steve! Run!"

Dohoney had been giving a class about snakes and had had a large python on the floor. I saw the python and realized it could reach me.

When I ran toward the back door, the python started chasing me. I ran out the back door and around the side of the house toward the front. The python kept chasing me; Dohoney was right behind the python.

She hollered, "Don't let it stand up on its tail and get its fangs into you."

Although the snake looked like a python, it seemed more like a cobra. Finally, it overtook me, but instead of attacking me, it slid on by.

In front of the house was a large house van. My sister and my brother Chris were inside the van. The python headed straight toward the house van. Apparently the python had originally come from the van. The snake climbed up the side of the van and crawled inside the van through a little window. Chris was sitting on a small bed inside the van. I knew he had muscular dystrophy and was unable to move. I said, "Oh no. It's going to get in there and get Chris." I also saw my sister inside; she looked terrified.

The van was filled with many things, as if someone had been moving in it. The snake began crawling through all

the stuff. It finally came to a Styrofoam ice-cooler and crawled inside the cooler without bothering anyone. Apparently the snake had originally been staying in the cooler.

Dream of: 14 October 1981

"Admiring Courage"

I had failed all quarter to go to a torts class in which I was enrolled at Baylor Law School and which was being taught by former president Jimmy Carter and my law professor Morrison. Two days before finals I took my books home and began studying in hopes I would be able to cram enough to at least make a D and not have to take the class over again.

The material was so voluminous, however, I obviously had only a slim chance of making a D.

I looked in my torts book, found a chapter on maxims and read some. I

skipped through the book and came across words like "intention" and "negligence" which I barely understood.

The day of the finals arrived and I went to class. I saw Tom Campbell (a law student) in the hall and told him I hadn't been to a single class or read a single case all quarter.

Everyone walked into the classroom and the exams were passed out.

Jimmy Carter began giving some instructions. The exam was to last an hour and a half and we could take the exam in another room if we wanted. After the instructions had been given, I picked up my papers and headed for the other room.

Outside in the hall I met a girl I had known in Chillicothe, Ohio who had worked in the manager's office of the Census Bureau when I had worked

there in 1980. She showed me a list of names on the wall. At first, I thought it was a list of names of people who hadn't been to class and who therefore weren't to be given credit for the classes they had missed, but then I saw it was a list of names of people transferring to other colleges. She showed me my name wasn't on the list even though I was planning to transfer. I told her it didn't matter.

I walked into the lounge and sat down in front of the television. A boxing match was beginning between Sugar Ray Leonard and another black man much bigger than Leonard. Although one of the men was obviously Sugar Ray Leonard, I thought his name was Leonard Spinks.

The fight began; the large black boxer hit Leonard hard. Leonard toppled to the ground, but he managed to rise

again and the fight continued. The big black fellow then kicked Leonard and then began kicking the referee. The referee managed to throw the boxer out of the ring and declared Leonard the winner. I looked at Leonard; I couldn't help admiring his courage in contending against someone so much larger than himself.

I looked at the clock; 20 minutes of my hour and a half had already elapsed. I felt like forgetting about the test; but I would hate to have to take that course over again. I walked back to the test room. I had my books with me; I was uncertain whether I could use them during the exam. As I read the exam, I realized how futile it was going to be; I felt like walking out and forgetting the whole thing.

Dream of: 15 October 1981
"Abogados Cuestan Mucho"

I walked up to the soda fountain of what appeared to be a Kresge's store. A man walked up and sat on the stool to my right. He asked the person behind the counter to let him see some sunglasses and he was given a pair. He tried them on and then laid them down. I thought he was going to buy them, but he just walked away.

The man behind the counter asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to buy the sunglasses and I handed him a hundred note. I tried on the little square glasses, but couldn't see because they were too dark. I motioned to the man and told him I didn't want the glasses. He gave me my change, but he only gave me change for a ten. I said, "Where's the rest of my change?"

He asked me what I had given him and I told him a hundred. He seemed as if he didn't believe me. He began

looking around as if he were looking for the hundred note and couldn't find it anywhere. He indicated he wasn't going to give me the money. I repeated that I had given him a hundred note, jumped up and loudly demanded that he return my money. A little boy standing to my right said he had seen the money. He wanted to shake my hand. I still had some change in my hand. I tried to get the change out of my hand so I could shake hands with him. I knew I was going to need him as a witness.

I turned to the man behind the counter and said in Spanish, "Si, le di ciento dolares. Ne se ha olvidado?"

He then came around to the other side of the counter where I was. I went up to his face and, referring to the change for ten dollars, asked, "Porque me has dado este cambio

aqui? No se recuerdo que me had
dado el cambio?"

At first, I was using the familiar form
"tu," but I quickly changed to "Usted."
He stated to say something and I said,
"Va a decir que no vas a contestar
mas pregunta sin tu abogado?"

He said, "Si."

I responded, "Sera un placer a hablar
con tu abogado. Pero sabe que los
abogados cuestan mucho."

Dream of: 16 October 1981

"Underground Tunnel"

Someone who seemed like my brother
Adolph was with me on an island
surrounded by water. The island was
inside an underground cave. Adolph
swam around in the water among
some rocks surrounding the island for
a while and then came back on shore.
When I looked around and noticed the
front end of a red car standing on the

sandy shore perpendicular to the ground, I thought the car was going to fall over.

Adolph and I walked along the shore and noticed the sand give way underneath us like quicksand. We would stand on the sand for a second and then suddenly sink up to our knees. The closer to the water we walked, the farther down we would sink. We even sunk up to our waists. We found some long metal poles lying on the ground, picked them up and poked them into the sand. I lost a couple poles because they sank into the sand. I said to my brother, "Well, I can afford to lose some metal poles, but I can't afford to lose you."

Adolph walked closer to the water and sank all the way to his neck. When I looked again, his whole head had disappeared beneath the sand. I

went to where he had sunk and reached down into the sand where his hand should have been. I felt his fingertips and kept reaching until I had hold of his hand. I started pulling until I finally pulled him out completely. As I held him in my arms, we seemed to be totally isolated from the rest of the world. I felt good about having saved his life.

I awoke and realized I had been dreaming. My brother was with me and I asked him if he had been dreaming last night. When he said he had been dreaming about our both being in an underground tunnel, I realized we had been having the same kind of dream and maybe the same thing had happened to us. I told him the only difference was that in my dream he had been Adolph. I thought that was interesting. I stopped describing the dream to him, found a

pencil and began writing it down, describing exactly what had happened. I said to him, "Well, never mind. I'm going to go ahead and write it down and then you can read it. I can think about it better when I write it down."

Dream of: 16 October 1981 (2)

"The Middle Of The Hour"

After my mother and I ascended the stairs to the second floor of the Gay Street House where she and I had been living together, I told her I would like to have sex with her tonight and she said that sounded fine.

I already had an erection and I didn't want to wait any longer. I walked over to her, pulled down my blue jean shorts and took off my small shirt so I was left completely nude. After I pulled down the blue jeans shorts she

was wearing, she lay down on the couch and spread her legs apart. I looked at her pubic region, inserted my penis in her vagina and commenced having sex with her. But suddenly we heard someone pull up in a car outside in the driveway. I thought I heard someone slam a door and I froze for a minute, thinking perhaps I should go and see who had arrived. I stood up and started putting my blue jeans and shirt back on. My mother pulled her blue jean shorts back on and started putting on her belt.

I waited a while, but no one came upstairs. Thinking no one was going to bother us, I walked back to my mother and said, "Don't worry about it. Let's just continue making love." I bent down on my knees in front of her and was going to unbutton her

pants again, but then we heard a door downstairs and now I was sure someone was down there. My mother told me to be quiet – she was afraid that the person downstairs was a secret service man and that he would be able to hear us through the radiator in the room. I myself was afraid someone might be standing behind a second door in the room. I didn't want anyone to know I had been having sex with my mother. When we heard another movement downstairs, I hollered down, "Dad?"

My father answered, "Yes."

I was relieved it was my father downstairs – I had been afraid someone else had come to harm us. By now both my mother and I were fully dressed; I walked downstairs and said to my father, "Well, I'm glad it was you."

He said something like, "Well, why are you glad it was me? I'm here in the middle of the hour."

I said, "Well, if it wasn't you here in the middle of the hour, then it would have been someone else here in the middle of the hour. That could have been really bad."

I meant someone else might have broken into the house to harm us. My father said he wanted to talk with me about my grades at Baylor Law School. Apparently he wanted to know why I had made a C and a C+ and hadn't continued making B's.

Dream of: 17 October 1981

"Resisting Execution"

I seemed to be in South Africa at a place where executions were being conducted. Many black men had been arrested and were being lined up in long lines. A line of men in front of me

turned to the right and went straight up to the firing wall and then back across. Parallel to the line against the wall was another line of men which the guards used to rest their rifles on when they shot at the men lined up against the wall.

As I watched the execution, I thought I would surely resist if I knew I was going to be executed like that.

I bought a coke. There were three glasses with ice in them. I drank the coke out of one of the glasses. One of the other glasses was full but one was only half full. I asked the man who gave me the coke if the men who were being executed ever resisted. He said it wouldn't do them any good. I asked him when the handcuffs were taken off the men. He said they were taken off back at the beginning at the line. But the men didn't resist because they knew it simply wouldn't

do any good. I sat and watched as the guards took aim at some black men and shot them dead.

What struck me most was how the black people went so docilely to their execution without resisting. I thought if it were me, I would be kicking, screaming and jumping up and down trying to get away.

Dream of: 17 October 1981 (2)
"Cathouse"

I was in what appeared to be a Constitutional Law class being held outdoors somewhere in the country. The first four rows of the class were completely filled with people. In back of the fourth row was a large bed on which I was sitting practicing yoga. I listened to the professor while he talked and while he questioned the people sitting in the first four rows. Finally, I rose from the bed, sat in one

of the seats and began paying more attention, but I still didn't understand.

Moreover, no one else in the class seemed to really understand what was going on either, nor could they answer the professor's questions.

The substance of the lesson involved the breeding of pigeons and the professor talked about how the breeding of pigeons had originated in old England. He said the people who had bred the pigeons had lived in places called "cathouses."

The professor wrote a list of words on the blackboard and next to them wrote their definitions. He wrote the word "crows" and next to it the word "crow." He also wrote the words "cathouse" and "crowd." He seemed to be saying crowds of people would gather in front of the cathouses, holler up to the people inside and ask them questions.

Finally, I stood, walked away and went down a small, grassy lane with trees on both sides. I could still hear the professor talking about how one man had been so disgusted with the stupidity of his class that he had stood up and left.

I decided to go to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting which I knew was supposed to be held in the basement of the Kresge's store in Portsmouth at 5:30. I reached the store and went to the basement, but since I was unable to find the room where the meeting was, I asked some clerks for directions. I told them I was looking for a girl who attended went to meetings there and they directed me to a little room in the back which I entered and in which I found a man and two attractive girls, whom I didn't know, sitting at a table. I sat down at the table and thought, "Well,

this may not be so bad. At least there are some girls here."

The girls introduced themselves to me. I didn't understand their names at first, so they wrote them on a piece of paper for me. Another attractive girl walked into the room and finally Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977), wearing a pretty orange dress, walked in. She sat down on my right and said, "Steve and I are going to be the supervisors of this meeting."

No one else knew who I was and everyone seemed surprised that Kim knew me and that we were going to be supervisors. Kim turned to me and asked, "How are you tonight? Are you all right tonight?"

I said, "Well, yea, I guess."

Kim seemed to be taking command of the situation. She seemed quite strong and wasn't timid.

My elbow was on the back of the chair touching her arm. I almost touched her breast. I liked having my elbow touch her arm. I felt close to her as if a strong feeling existed between us.

Dream of: 19 October 1981 "Ting, Ding, Ding"

While I was in an upstairs bedroom of a two-story house, my mother was in a bedroom next to mine. After I became frightened about something, I decided to go into the bedroom where my mother was and I walked over to her room, where I found my sister and my brother Chris (1957-1974) with my mother.

My mother was lying on the top bunk of a bunk bed to the right of the door.

Once I was in the room, I pulled the bunk bed a little in front of the door because I wanted to prevent anyone from coming in. I told my mother that I was afraid that someone else was in the house.

I walked across the room to a window on the other side of the room. I wanted the window open so I could drop out and escape in case something happened.

After I climbed into a bed by the window, I asked my sister to hand me an old belt of mine with a large fancy-looking buckle which was lying on the floor. She gave it to me and I put it on.

I told my mother that someone was in the house, but she didn't believe me. Suddenly we heard someone outside the door make four straight twangs on the strings of a guitar. It went,

"ting, ding, ding, ding." We then knew for certain that someone was outside the door.

My mother couldn't stand it. She pulled back the bunk bed from in front of the door and opened the door. A man with long frizzy hair walked in. In his hand he carried some kind of instrument which resembled a gun, which he pointed around the room, and then at my sister. After he began talking, I quickly inferred that he planned to do something bad to us all and to rape my sister.

Since I was next to the window, I turned, slipped through the window and dropped myself down onto the roof of the front porch. I scrambled on down to the ground and raced over to the house next door which I realized belonged to Madelyn (a friend of my mother's when my

mother was a teenager) and Madelyn's husband, Bobbie. Since I knew Madelyn and Bobbie lived next door to the House in Patriot, I deduced I had been in the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child, in the tiny village of Patriot in southeastern Ohio). I ran into Madelyn's and Bobbie's house, rushed through the house and screamed, "Madelyn! Madelyn!"

I reached the back of the house where I found Madelyn in bed. When she rose from the bed, she apparently thought I wanted some pills because she handed me some little red time capsules wrapped in cellophane. I said, "Guns! Guns! I need guns! Somebody's next door. They broke in and they're going to try and rape Linda."

Madelyn picked up a pair of blue jeans and began looking in them for some keys to a gun cabinet which was there. She found the keys and handed them to me.

Dream of: 22 November 1981
"Planting Walnut Trees"

While on the Gallia County Farm, I had gathered some walnuts, shelled them out and decided I wanted to gather more. My sister was there; I was going to ask her to accompany me. I thought if we went into the woods alone together we could also have some sex play.

I walked off alone down the road in front of the Farmhouse. After I had gone a ways I sat down. Two squirrels were playing on a large stump nearby. One ran to the top of the stump and stood up. I made a little clicking noise to get its attention. It

wasn't frightened by me. The second squirrel made it to the top of the stump and the two started playing with each other. For a minute I couldn't see them and I had to stand up to get a better view. One squirrel was holding the other one down on its back.

A walnut tree was nearby and some walnuts in green husks were lying around on the ground. A couple walnuts were lying on the road and had been smashed in the white gravels.

Another walnut tree was nearby. I thought the squirrels were coming there to gather the walnuts. There seemed to be more squirrels than there used to be. That made me happy. I was glad hunters hadn't been killing them all.

I returned to the Farmhouse. I had already shelled out about a pound of walnut kernels, but the shells hadn't been completely dry when I had shelled them. My step-grandfather Clarence told me they would later turn black.

Doug Adams (my step-uncle) was there; he began telling me about a 40 acre farm which he had. As he talked I imagined a house sitting in the middle of his farm. It was atop a large hill and around it the land had been cleared of. He said that he was planting trees there and that he was going to plant them all over the farm. He said the trees wouldn't do anyone any good yet. I said, "Well, as soon as those trees start to grow, it'll be beautiful."

I left the Farmhouse and walked up to my Cabin. I looked around the Cabin, which looked somewhat different. It

seemed to have awnings over the windows and part of the Cabin was made of hardwood boards rather than logs. The rest of it was covered with some black covering which resembled black tar paper. All in all it looked better than before.

I began thinking I would like to plant walnut trees all around my Cabin and all over the Farm. I thought I would cut down all the trees except the ones I couldn't identify. If I couldn't identify the tree I would leave it until I learned its name. I might leave some oak and maple standing.

On the hill behind the Cabin were four large oak trees. I walked down to where they were and saw one oak had blown over. I also saw a gigantic piece of metal lying on the ground. It looked like a large X, but the corners were fastened together with large girders.

I looked into the sky and saw power lines right over head. Apparently part of the power line structure had fallen off into the tree. I investigated further. I was afraid at first some live wires might have fallen, but I saw that none had fallen. I thought, "Well, I've got to get back down to the House immediately and call the power company and tell them to come up here and take care of this; that part of their electric structure from the electric line has fallen in."

When I returned to the Farmhouse, my father was there. I asked him if he had been up to my Cabin recently and whether he had noticed the large oak tree that had blown over. He said he had. I told Clarence about it. He said we needed to go up and pull it out. My father and Clarence began talking about the number of trees I had cut down when I had built my Cabin.

Clarence said I had only cut about two board inches. I didn't understand what he meant because I knew I had cut down many oak trees when I had built the Cabin.

Dream of: 24 November 1981

"Wrapped In Kites"

While I had been in a large prison, a massive jail break occurred and all the prisoners escaped. Thousands of prisoners ran from the jail until they reached a gigantic cliff about 20 meters high which they had to jump down. At the bottom of the cliff they found themselves in a valley. They raced on along the valley towards a large hill.

Apparently they were trying to reach a large woods which stretched far away in all directions. The prisoners ran up the hill toward the woods.

Meanwhile guards began organizing back in the jail to go after the escaped prisoners. The guards were gathering together guns. They also had some kites made of a plastic material which resembled garbage bags which they began flying. Somehow the kites were supposed to help the guards recapture the prisoners.

I raced off with the escaped prisoners. It was cold and snow was on the ground. We didn't have much clothing. As we were going through the woods, we saw some of the kites in the trees. We took some out of the trees and wrapped them around us to help keep us warm. We also found some white trench coats which we forthwith put on.

Paul (the older brother of my friend Weinstein) was among the guards. He was an excellent marksman and he

was shooting quite a few of the prisoners. But when a prisoner was shot, he wasn't actually killed. He was simply thereby returned to the custody of the guards.

Many of us continued on through the forest up one hill and down another.

One woman was with us who appeared to be around 25 years old. She was quite beautiful. She wore a green sweater over two gorgeous breasts.

Paul had overtaken us. As the girl struggled up a hill, Paul got her in his sights. He could shoot someone with his gun from a long distance. He shot her and was thereby able to capture her.

Paul was able to look through his sights and line a person up on a vertical and a horizontal plane. Then he could shoot them from far away.

Haim was also one of the prisoners. I saw him late at night when it became cold; he was trying to pull a kite from one of the trees.

I later heard that over 1,000 escaped prisoners were still unaccounted for. I continued on through the woods with a group of prisoners. We were all wearing white coats and tried to stay together. We seemed to know more what we were doing than most of the other escaped prisoners.

Dream of: 24 November 1981 (2)
"Western Frontier"

My daughter, my wife and I were living in a little ranch house during the time when the western frontier of the United States was being settled.

It seemed that the son of an Indian chief in our area had been killed and we expected to be attacked by the

Indians. I scurried about preparing for the attack.

Soon I saw a group of Indians coming toward the house. I began breaking out some windows so I would be able to shoot the Indians. My wife became upset because she didn't want me to break out the windows. I told her to keep loading the rifles for me so I could shoot with them. When I looked outside I saw hundreds of screaming Indians on horseback swarming around the house shooting at us. Suddenly a horse with an Indian on it jumped right through the window. Two more Indians on horses followed through the window. The three Indians jumped from the horses and attacked my wife. I turned around and shot one Indian in the back of the head. I quickly reloaded my rifle and shot a second Indian. Only one Indian remained in the house. I ran over,

grabbed him and wrestled him to the ground. I pulled a knife out of his belt and stabbed him with his own knife. It grew dark and the attack stopped. I looked outside wondering if the Indians would attack during the night. Finally I closed the shutters because it didn't look as if the Indians were going to attack in the night.

Dream of: 26 November 1981 "Car Accident"

While I was driving a car from Columbus to Portsmouth, Ohio, I came to a traffic light at an intersection where I had a green light. As I turned at the intersection, a woman driver hit the side of my car with her car. We both immediately pulled off the road and I alighted from my car. Three other cars were stopped at the red light and I motioned to the drivers to pull over. I

wanted them as witnesses. All three
did pull over.

Through my I looked at the license
plates of the cars which had pulled
over. After the witnesses stepped out
of their cars, we gathered together on
the patio of a house. When one
witness began relating what he
thought had happened, I began
writing down his words. He described
the two cars as "Car A" and "Car B"
as he recounted the accident. When I
finally lost track of what he was
saying, I handed him the pencil and
paper and told him to write it down
himself. In the meantime I said, "Well
we're going to have to call the
police."

When the woman who lived in the
house where we were standing
walked outside to where we were, I
asked her if we could use her phone.
She replied, "Sure."

I saw the phone, which was beige. I picked up a telephone book and looked for the number but had a difficult time finding it. Finally I found two listings for the police. One of the listings was for "Cleveland County Police" and the number was 3420. I wondered if I had made a mistake and had headed toward Cincinnati when I had left Columbus. I didn't remember any county called Cleveland between Columbus and Portsmouth.

The first witness finally finished writing and put down the pencil and paper. I asked another man what he thought had happened. He said he thought the plaintiff was in the wrong. I asked him which of us he thought was the plaintiff. He said I was the plaintiff. I said, "Oh, and why did you think that?"

He said I had taken the inside lane and I shouldn't have done that. As he

talked I thought I had had the right to take any lane I wanted.

The woman who had hit me was a little, white-haired lady. She was sitting near us and I asked her what she thought. She thought I had had the right to take any lane I wanted and that the accident was her fault. She thought she had been a little too precipitous when she had come through the light.

By now I myself was confused and I couldn't remember exactly what had happened. I began to think there was something wrong with me because I couldn't remember.

Dream of: 26 November 1981 (2)
"Big Toe"

While in the back seat of a car being driven by Kay, I decided to change from a pair of blue jeans to a pair of cutoff jeans so I could go swimming in

a nearby lake. As Kay continued driving along while I changed pants, I noticed her glancing at me. Finally, completely nude from the waist down, I jumped into the front seat and finished putting on the cutoffs. Kay kept looking at my penis, obviously quite interested in what she saw.

We reached the lake and rode beside the lake on our right. Looking across the lake, I could see a picnic area on the other side. The area was cluttered with many pop bottles. One carton contained four bottles of orange soda which hadn't even been opened. A quart bottle of coke looked as if only about a tenth of it had been drunk, while a quart bottle of Seven-Up was about nine tenths full. After I noticed even more bottles of unopened pop, I told Kay that we should ride over there to get the pop and that I could then sell the bottles.

Looking for a bridge across the lake, we turned down a little road. We drove right up to a small bridge which turned out to be a small foot bridge with a sign which said, "No autos allowed."

Kay stopped the car, and she and I stepped out for a moment. We then climbed back into the car, Kay in the driver's seat and I in the middle of the front seat. As we rode away, Kay laid her arm on my leg.

We were looking for my father, who was somewhere nearby, although I didn't know exactly where. When we finally reached a house where my father was living, Kay stopped the car. She and I stepped out of the car and entered the house (I had never been there before). After we walked into a room where my father was, Kay and I sat down next to each other on a couch. I leaned back and she

slipped her arm underneath me. Her hand came out under my shoulder -- obviously she was trying to reach for my hand. I thought my father noticed it.

Finally Kay rose and walked out of the room to go to a store across the street for something. After Kay had departed, my father asked me how Kay and I had been getting along. When I failed to respond, he asked, "Has she been trying to grab your hand?"

I still didn't say anything. He said that he wanted Kay and me to get along well together, that he liked seeing us together. He intimated that he was growing tired of her and that I should go ahead and have sex with her if I wanted. He said he had recently even been in bed with her and he hadn't wanted to have sex with her. I said,

"Well I don't want to take Kay away from you."

He didn't say much else about it; instead he began talking about some plastering he was having done on the walls of the New Boston House. He said he had intended to sell the House, but the buyer hadn't been satisfied with the wall plastering. The buyer (a wall plasterer himself) had said that he himself could have done a better job.

After my father picked up the phone and began talking with someone, Kay walked back into the room -- she hadn't yet gone to the store.

Apparently she had taken a pill, because she looked as if she were under the influence of a drug. She was wearing a nightgown which opened up so I could see her pubic area. I was lying on the couch. As Kay also sat down on the couch, she

placed her pubic area right on my big toe. When I began sticking my big toe into her vagina, she seemed to enjoy what I was doing. I continued for a minute or so, until she finally stood and decamped. A couple pubic hairs were still hanging on my big toe.

I didn't feel guilty about what I had done, because although I had told my father I wasn't going to have anything to do with Kay, I knew he didn't care if I did.

Dream of: 27 November 1981

"Nuclear Contamination"

I was in the front seat of a car being driven through a mountainous area by Altizer (a classmate from the fourth grade) while my father was sitting in the back seat. As we rode along, I looked at a map which showed the major rivers of the United States. The map also showed small

round circles where power plants were located in the United States. Sixteen nuclear power plants were in the United States, but two hadn't been completed, so only fourteen were in operation. I looked looking at the rivers flowing into the Mississippi; altogether nine power plants were on the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Ohio Rivers.

I pointed out to Altizer that all nine power plants dumped their waste into the Mississippi and the tributaries of the Mississippi. Therefore the area at the mouth of the Mississippi was probably a dangerous place to live. I thought New Orleans must be contaminated and unsafe. Probably only poor people lived there. I mentioned that I wasn't exactly sure what nuclear waste would do to a person, but I thought the effects

would take time to be felt and
wouldn't be immediate.

I noticed that some small islands
were in the area of the Gulf of Mexico
near the mouth of the Mississippi.

The name of one of the islands was
"Whale."

Altizer was driving too fast and as we
went around a curve he swerved into
the oncoming lane. He swerved back
just in time to miss hitting the other
car. I told him to take it easy because
he was going too fast.

We continued traveling along
mountain ridges, until we came to a
section of the road which had steep
cliffs on both sides. Along the road on
both sides was a white railing. Altizer
went along a curve and clipped a few
of the posts on the railing on my side
of the car. He then lost control of the
car and it swerved around sideways,

barely staying on the road on my side. Suddenly the car shot across the road to his side, went through the railing and out into the air. I happened to notice trees on the sides of the mountain. Most leaves on the trees were brown, but the leaves at the very tops were bright red.

We began flying toward the ground, which I could see coming up toward us.

Dream of: 28 November 1981
"Confused Thinking"

Mike Walls was visiting me at the Gay Street House and we were sitting upstairs talking. We talked for quite a while until about 10:30 at night, when Walls suggested we go to New Boston and drink some beer. At first I wanted to say I had quit drinking, but then I simply said I hadn't drunk any alcohol

for a month. He said, "Well, let's go then."

It sounded like a terrific idea, so I said, "OK. First I have to change my clothes."

I walked into the bathroom. Earlier I had been wearing a pair of light blue pants, but now I was wearing a pair of blue jeans with my brown belt. I had on black shoes, but decided I was going to put on my brown boots, which were sitting in the bathroom by the commode. I also had a special cowboy shirt, which had a flap stretching around the front like a bib, and which buttoned onto one of the shoulders. It also had some fringe on it. I thought I would wear that.

I returned to the front room where I found Walls talking on the phone with Steve Buckner. Walls wanted Buckner

to go with us. I hollered out, "Yea,
come on Buckner, go."

Walls talked with Buckner a while longer, but Buckner decided not to go. It was around the 23rd of December, and apparently Buckner was going to go to church to Christmas services the next morning.

I continued dressing, putting on a pair of brown socks. I told Walls I wanted to hurry, because I wanted to leave before my father returned, because I had a car of his which I was afraid he might not want me to use.

Finally we left, headed toward New Boston. Another person in the car with me and Walls seemed a little like Walls and a little like Buckner. I was driving the car, Walls was sitting in the back seat, and the other person was sitting in the front with me. We stopped somewhere and Walls went

into a store and got some beer. When Walls returned to the car, he took a beer and handed me one. I felt bad about drinking the beer. I took a drink and held it in my mouth. Walls was also trying to force the other person to drink some of the beer. Walls handed the other person the beer, but the other person said he didn't want it and refused to take it. Walls said he would like for him to take it, and said he would really like for him to drink a beer with him, but the other person still refused.

Meanwhile, I was feeling so bad about the beer in my mouth, I finally rolled down the window and spat it out. I felt better. I handed my beer back to Walls and told him I wasn't going to drink any either. Walls didn't say anything to me, but he turned to the other person and said, "Look, I

would really like for you to drink a beer with me."

I said to Walls, "He doesn't want to. Don't try to force him. Why do you try to force him if he doesn't want to?"

Walls replied, "It doesn't make any difference to me whether he drinks or not."

I said, "If it doesn't make any difference, why do you act that way trying to make him drink it?"

When Walls couldn't come up with an answer, I said, "I think your thinking is really confused. And I think the main reason for your thinking being so confused is alcohol."

Although I didn't say it, I also thought other drugs were playing a part in Walls's confused thinking. Walls replied that nothing was wrong with his thinking and that it was just fine.

I drove past the bar in New Boston and drove around it. I saw a car pull up with Porginski (an attractive blonde who had been a year younger than I at high school in Portsmouth) and her husband Newton in it.

Newton was driving and Porginski was smoking a cigarette. We waved at them and they waved at us. Then they turned their heads and drove on.

Dream of: 30 November 1981 "Rat Trap"

My sister, my first cousin Alan and I were in a tiny building about two meters square, floating above the clouds high off the ground, trying to decide how we were going to land.

We didn't want the landing to be rough and we didn't want to crash when we landed.

I lowered myself out the door, held on to the edge of the building and used

the building as a parachute. The air flowed into the building and held me up. My sister did the same thing, but Alan stayed inside the building.

We descended rapidly at first, but then slowed down, passing through thick clouds. I could see the land approaching and I feared the landing would be rough, but somehow, after passing through the roof and ceiling, we landed right in the back room of the House in Patriot.

My sister and I were unharmed. We stood up and began looking for Alan, but we couldn't find him. I thought, "Oh no, he fell out."

We ran outside and found Alan -- he had landed and sprained his foot. Someone was helping him onto the back porch. We helped him inside where he lay down on the floor.

After my sister and I walked into the kitchen and found my mother, we sat down and began talking with her. My sister began walking around and soon I noticed that she had taken off all her clothes. She had a cover over her at first, but then she pulled it off and was completely nude.

I also had taken off my clothes, lain down and pulled a cover over me. I pulled one of my legs out from beneath the cover and thought about standing up in front of everyone, but instead, I put my clothes back on and stood up.

My sister had psoriasis all over her body; it was quite terrible. A large scab was on her leg close to her pubic region.

I told my sister that her psoriasis was a dietary problem, that if she would strictly discipline her diet according

to the regimen of certain doctors, she could completely cure herself. She looked dubious; I said, "Well, the least you could do would be to try it."

A large overweight man walked up to her and looked at her. He saw the psoriasis on her body, but it didn't seem to bother him. My sister left the room.

It was becoming late. When I noticed the odor of something burning, I walked outside and saw the Swiver's house across the street on fire, practically burnt out. The walls were still standing, but fire was still in the house. Few people were watching and apparently the fire was almost over. My grandmother Leacy was standing nearby. I walked over to her and I said, "Well, this is a terrible thing."

When she kept looking across the street at the house, I asked her if any

furniture had been saved. Someone answered that all the furniture had been saved except a bed upstairs.

I saw a water pump out back. A boy (about 16-17 years old) pounded on the pump until he broke it off and water began gushing out.

My mother said the well was just a rat trap. It was caved in and just had boards over it. I asked, "Well, were there really rats in it?"

She said she wouldn't go so far as to say that.

The old burned-down house was a desolate sight.

Katherine (a law student) was walking around near us. She walked past me into the House and into the back room where Alan was. I was planning to leave soon, but I followed her into the room.

I grabbed her butt. My father, sitting nearby, saw me and smiled.

Alan was asleep. I told Katherine to go upstairs. Suddenly Alan turned over and looked at us. At first I didn't want Alan to know what we were doing, but then I said to Katherine, "Well, just go on up anyway."

She went upstairs and I followed her.

She lay down on the bed. She was wearing a white top and a pair of short cut-off jeans. She said, "Well, lay it on me."

She spread her legs. Her jeans were so short, I could see her pubic hairs.

I said, "This'll take a minute."

I pulled down my pants. I had about half an erection. I climbed on top of her and hunched her a bit until I had a full erection. I began trying to insert and succeeded. I began rapidly going up and down. Her head bobbed

around; she was obviously as happy
as she could be.

Dream of: 30 November 1981 (2)
"Chamber De Bain"

It was about 10 minutes until 8
o'clock on Monday morning; I was
preparing to go to my Remedies class
at Baylor Law School. My mother,
with whom I was living, was
preparing a couple hot dogs made out
of hamburger for me; when they were
ready, she gave me one.

I unzipped my pants, stuck the hot
dog inside and zipped my pants back
up. Then I turned to my mother,
unzipped my pants again and acting
as if I were pulling out my penis,
pulled out the hot dog and said, "Look
here."

When she looked, I realized I had
actually pulled out my erect penis;
the hot dog was still in my pants.

I continued trying to get ready for school. It was already five till eight and it took me 10 minutes to get to school. I was going to be late and I didn't want to walk into Remedies class late. Besides, I hadn't read much of the lesson for today. I thought perhaps I would simply skip class; perhaps I could later find someone to give me their notes. It was pouring the rain outside. I lay back down for a few minutes and listened to the rain. It was raining so hard I thought quite a few people probably wouldn't make it to class. But then I thought perhaps I would just go and be late. I couldn't seem to make up my mind what to do. I decided to go; I left for the school. As I drove I thought, "Well I'm not going to go to class. I'm just going to go to the main library on campus and study remedies for about an hour."

Well, I have a Constitutional law class later in the day. I might just study Constitutional law instead. "

I was undecided.

I reached campus and walked into a building. As I walked along I came to a shower room. I heard both a male and female voice behind the door to one of the showers. The female voice sounded like a girl named Mary who had lived in the same boarding house as me in the fall of 1981. The door was cracked several centimeters and I looked inside the shower. Both people inside were naked. I thought, "Well this seems a little bit strange for Baylor."

I continued on and walked through a long room which contained a long series of pools of about six by six meters which had showers over them. Groups of nude people, both male and

female, were in the pools. The room itself seemed cold, but it looked as if the water was warm.

All the people were quite thin; they reminded me of people who had been in Nazi concentration camps. The girls were huddled up; they tried to cover their breasts. I walked along, looking at everyone, not attracted to any of the women.

I entered a large auditorium where a rock concert was in progress.

Probably 200 people were gathered here, even though the concert wasn't supposed to begin until the next day.

In an area in the back some people were sitting on stone benches. The people looked like real hippies. I sat down with them, turned to someone near me and said, "People here are real freaks aren't they. Everybody here is a freak, aren't they."

One fellow near me had a bad case of acne on his face. A girl walked up and began talking. She spoke in French and said something about the "chamber de bain." I assumed she was talking about the room with the pools and showers I had walked through earlier. She continued talking in French with someone; I thought, "Well, at least there's some foreign people here."

I rose and walked toward the front row, where Randle (a law student) was sitting. I asked him, "What's happening about Remedies class?"

He told me he wasn't taking Remedies. I asked him what time he had Constitutional law and he said he had the fourth one; but I knew he was putting me on, because there were only two Constitutional law classes.

I walked back to about the fifth or sixth row and sat down by some other people. I asked a girl sitting next to me when the concert was supposed to begin and she said, "Tomorrow."

A warm-up group was supposed to begin in about an hour. Suddenly we heard some music playing outside; it sounded quite nice. I sat here debating to myself whether I should be in law school in the first place. Perhaps I should just be listening to music and learning how to play it. The warm-up group walked onto the stage and began playing. The people in the audience jumped straight up and hollered, "No! No!"

But the band continued playing. I likewise stood up. The people headed to a window to our left so they could hear the group which was playing outside. Most people marched

outside. Randle was there amongst them; another fellow was staying close to him. I talked to Randle for a minute and then he walked back to about the second row and sat back down. I was going to go sit next to him, but the other fellow ran up and sat next to him. So I sat next to the fellow sitting next to Randle.

I talked to Randle for a while longer and finally became tired of the situation. I rose and began walking around. I walked down some halls inside the auditorium. Two black fellows seemed to be following me. At first I was apprehensive. I had my billfold in one pocket and some other bills in my left pocket.

Suddenly they came right up to me, and one reached out and grabbed my billfold, which apparently had been sticking out of my pocket a bit. He looked at it and then pushed it back

into my pocket without taking anything. Then they tackled me. I tried to fight them off. I didn't see any weapons but I thought one of them had a knife.

I began screaming. They tried and tried to get the bills in my pocket but couldn't seem to get a hold of them. Suddenly we heard a siren; someone had called the police. One of the black fellows, who was wearing a blue coat, ran off. I grabbed the other one and forced him to the ground.

A big man who looked like a policeman showed up. But he just stood there and watched. I was holding the black fellow on the ground with his face to the ground. I spoke to the policeman and said, "He just tried to rob me."

I began explaining to the policeman what had happened and asked him to

help me. I asked him if he had any handcuffs and he said, "Yea."
He walked over to us and I said, "Well put the handcuffs on him."

But the policeman began arguing with me and told me if I didn't shut up he would put the handcuffs on me. He said, "I'm going to put the handcuffs on you instead."

I replied, "I was the one that was just robbed."

I was holding the black guy's hands behind his back. The policeman reached over with the handcuffs and slipped them on the wrists of the black guy. We pulled the black fellow up on his feet with his hands handcuffed behind his back. The policeman then wrapped some chains around the black man's neck and face. The black man looked like a slave.

Some black people began congregating around us. As the policeman and I marched off with our prisoner, I was worried the black people were going to follow us. We walked for a while until we were in the street; suddenly we heard some sirens; a large fire truck was coming around the corner. A fireman jumped out and said the area was off limits for the policeman because they were afraid the presence of the police would cause trouble with all the black people here. The fireman said they had been sent in place of the police to handle the situation.

I said, "Well I've got this guy and the other one escaped."

As we put our prisoner onto the fire truck, I said, "The other one went in that direction. Let's see if we can catch him."

The fire truck, once I was inside, seemed more like a bus. The black guy and I stood near the front close to the driver while most of the firemen were sitting in seats in the bus.

We started driving down the road. Soon we passed a green house on my right and I thought, "That's where Altizer lives." (Altizer was a classmate in the fourth and fifth grades).

In the front yard of the house was a woman who looked as if she had been attacked. Several people were gathered around her. I thought, "That's Altizer's mom."

In the door of the house stood a black fellow with a blue shirt on. We continued on down the street; I thought, "I bet that was that guy that attacked me. He's come there and attacked her."

We had driven all the way to the next block before I told the driver what I thought. I asked him if he could circle back around the block. He turned around. We had to go uphill going back. Finally we reached the top of the hill, went on around the block and came back on the street we had been on. I looked at the houses on the right. We drove past all the houses but no one was in front of any now. I knew the incident there was now over. I didn't know what to make of it. We drove on and started back down the hill. I began looking at the black fellow who was now sitting down on the floor. I thought, "This guy is going to have to go to jail."

He murmured something; I had the impression he was indicating he would get me if I pressed charges. I decided I was going to press charges anyway. But when I did so, I was

going to give the address of the Gay Street House (where my father lived) rather than the address of the 29th Street House (where my mother lived) so if he tried to get me he would go to the Gay Street House rather than to the 29th Street House. I didn't want anything to happen to my mother. My father could probably handle it.

I looked up; we had reached a certain point where we came out onto a wooden ramp. We were about three stories above the ground below us. The ramp came to a dead end. The only way for the bus to get off the ramp was to make a sharp turn to the left. I got out of the bus and climbed down the ramp on a ladder to the ground. I wondered how the bus driver was going to negotiate the turn.

Suddenly I looked up and saw the bus had driven off the end of the ramp. I thought for sure it was going to crash to the ground. But instead it floated around in a large circle in the air. Somehow the bus driver could control its descent, even though at times the descent was rather jerky; finally the bus came full circle and softly landed on the ground.

Dream of: 02 December 1981
"Plastic Elephant"

I was in a house which reminded me of the House in Patriot. I wanted to take a bus to the Gallia County Farmhouse (the home of my paternal step-grandfather Clarence and my paternal grandmother Mabel) about 15 kilometers away and I was trying to find the phone number of the bus station in Chillicothe, Ohio so I could obtain the bus information. I couldn't

remember the number for information, so I simply dialed "0" and the operator came on the line.

When I asked the operator the number for the bus station, she couldn't seem to find it, but she told me the bus ticket would cost a little over five dollars. I still wanted the phone number of the bus station because I wanted to find out what time the bus was leaving. I thought I would first have to take a bus to Chillicothe and travel from Chillicothe to Gallipolis. Then I would have Clarence and Mabel come to Gallipolis to fetch me.

It was already about 4:30 p.m. and I didn't know whether I would have enough time to reach the bus station.

The operator seemed to be taking a very long time. I must have waited 10 minutes on the phone, but she simply couldn't find the number. When I

finally asked her if I could call back and talk to another operator, she responded, "Yes."

I hung up. My mother was standing at the kitchen sink washing dishes. I looked through the back window over the sink and noticed the view was of the Swiver's house across the street instead of the normal view into the back yard. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be a falling star except it rose from the ground into the air and then fell back to the ground again. I didn't know what to think. I couldn't imagine what it could have been. The sky began filling up with what appeared to be bombs, blasts and fireworks. Had a war begun? My mother was suddenly convinced atomic bombs were being dropped. I said, "No. There wouldn't be that many of them. If there were a war it wouldn't be like that."

I still couldn't figure out what was going on. I walked outside; several people were in the road. A person was walking toward me from the direction of the blasts; I asked him what had happened and he said a plane had crashed.

By now only one large billow of smoke was rising from one spot. I thought, "The plane must have had some armaments on it or something." After walking back into the house, I decided I wanted to go and see the crash. I got my brother Chris (crippled with muscular dystrophy) and my uncle George (my mother's brother, crippled with polio) and put them into a little red car. Some other fellows from the neighborhood also boarded the car. Even though the car was mine, I climbed into the back seat and let somebody else drive, and we took off down the road.

We rode for a while until I finally decided to drive. I exchanged places with the driver and began driving.

George, sitting next to me on my right, was crowding me so much I could barely drive. My leg also seemed to be going numb. Suddenly George started shaking and appeared to be having an epileptic fit. Then he began singing loudly.

When we reached a place which reminded me of Shawnee State Forest (in southern Ohio), the road turned into a dirt road and I continued down it. I saw some guard rails and when I finally spotted some parked cars, I thought we must be getting close to the crash site. I pulled up behind some cars and parked. I suddenly realized Chris and George weren't going to be able to go and see the wreck since they were

both crippled. I was going to have to leave them in the car.

The rest of us got out and headed in the direction of the plane which was still a ways back in the woods. As we started walking, we found other roads in the woods and I realized we could have probably driven closer had I known the roads were there. We walked down dirt roads and even walked on one concrete road.

When we reached the crash site, the fire was no longer burning. I walked over to the plane and stepped inside which was very white inside. The hull of the plane (broken in places) looked as if it were six or seven centimeters thick. It was even difficult to tell it was a plane. The hull resembled Styrofoam except it was hard like cement.

As I walked into one little room of the plane which was completely empty, I thought, "Well, everything has been burned out."

I walked into another room about the same except in this room a black man was on top of what appeared to be an old freezer which he was trying to open. He pounded on it until it finally opened.

My father was also there. He and I both looked into the freezer. In the section in which we were looking it looked as if nothing were there. But my father reached inside and said, "Well here's a gun."

He pulled out an old gun which looked as if it had been burned up. At first I thought the gun was real, but when I looked at it more closely, I discovered it to be a small, gray, plastic, squirt gun.

I looked into another section of the freezer and saw things which hadn't been burned. There were some paper sacks which the black man began going through. There was also some cloth which looked like darning material. I thought the sacks had probably belonged to the stewardesses who were all dead now.

It looked as if the black man was going to take some of the things.

When a crowd began gathering around the box, I thought, "These people are actually going to start taking this stuff."

A couple sacks had some nice women's shoes in them. One woman in the crowd said the shoes probably cost about \$35 and she began going through the sack. I thought, "Well they're just going to take all that stuff."

Apparently it was all right for them to take it, but I didn't want anything. I foraged about in the box a bit and saw a long slender leather satchel. I pulled it out and unzipped it. Inside I found a pretty, stringed instrument. I thought it was a mandolin. I plucked a few of the strings; it sounded great. Other people were looking at it. I put the instrument back into the satchel, zipped it up and thought, "Well I'm just going to keep this myself."

I walked off into another room of the plane where I found some little statues sitting on a table, including many intricately carved ivory statues. I put some in my pocket. Then I found some larger statues. I thought, "I'll get this for my mother."

I also thought I would give one to Chris and some to other people. As I began rounding up statues which I could give to people, I looked around

for a box in which to put the statues. I found a little box and put the statues in it.

I next found a long wooden frame designed to hold plants. It was filled with flowers. It was about ten centimeters wide and two meters long. Carved ivory elephants were attached to the edges of the frame. I thought, "Well somebody will even take that eventually."

Inside the frame, sitting in the flowers I found another carved elephant. I picked it up; it also appeared to be made of ivory. I thought perhaps I would take it. But I looked closer and saw it was actually made of plastic so I put it back.

After looking around and taking a few more things, I walked into another room which had hard wood on the flooring, walls and ceiling which

hadn't been burned. It was completely empty but it appeared perfectly normal. I said, "But why is it that none of this stuff has been burned out if this plane burned up?"

Then I thought, "Because this is a dream. I'm dreaming now."

That satisfied me so I continued looking at things.

My father and I finally decided to leave. So many people were now flocking in, the crowd was becoming oppressive. Everyone was trying to get as much as they could. I thought that they were all scavengers and that I myself was a scavenger, but I thought everything we were doing was perfectly legal.

We began thinking since so many people were now coming in, some policemen would probably soon appear. Thinking the police might

even try to take the stuff away from us, we decided to circle over top of a hill and then come down by our car from the other side so nobody would see us.

Dream of: 03 December 1981
"Crossed Swords"

As Leah (a law school classmate) sat next to me in a car and talked with me, we gradually moved closer, until I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her snug to me. When I pressed my mouth on hers and kissed her, she half-resisted, half-acquiesced. Although I knew our actions were immoral (because Leah was married), I didn't think we were being so evil that I should stop.

Our entwining tongues almost seemed in battle, like crossed swords, clashing in a constant struggle. Leah was fighting against it: she wanted to

kiss and she didn't want to kiss. We broke away from each other several times and talked during the intervals. Sometimes I spoke roughly to her, reminding myself of my father. It seemed that since Leah and I had made physical contact, I now had something over on her, and I could reveal this hidden, coarser side of myself.

I also thought of Leah's husband, Kent, but I wasn't particularly concerned about him. Since Kent was a medical doctor, scenes from the novel *Madame Bovary* kept flitting through my mind. I recalled how in the novel, Mr. Bovary had been a physician, and how his wife had cheated on him. Leah seemed like such a perfect imitation of Madame Bovary, betraying her husband with me, but I somewhat empathized with Leah's husband and I recalled that I

had even recently prayed to God for
Kent.

Sitting next to me in the back seat of the car, Leah began changing her clothes. After she had pulled off her pants so I could see her white panties, I slipped my hand down between her legs and inside the flimsy panties. Leah struggled to stop me, but not determinedly. I pushed my hand further down and started to insert my finger into her vagina.

As Leah and I sat together on the roof of a house, I reflected that even though Leah had been misbehaving with me, she was still a religious person, but she was also human and like all humans, she had flaws. As we talked and kissed, our conversation turned to her husband Kent, and I

commented, "You don't feel anything for Kent. You don't have any feelings for Kent."

Leah replied, "A person can live without feelings."

As I continued to discuss her lack of feelings for Kent, I pressed on that something was lacking in warmth and emotion in her marriage, but she maintained that a person could live without that. When she asked me how I knew about her lack of feelings, I said it was obvious – I could tell from simply having observed both her and Kent.

Finally I realized it was time for us to leave. Initially I hadn't believed the roof was high and I had figured that we could easily descend, but when I finally began clambering around, searching for a way down, I realized the roof was both high and steep. At

first I instructed Leah to follow me (once I mistakenly called her by the name of my old girlfriend, Birdie), but then I advised her to stay put until I figured out how to climb down.

As I searched for a way off, I began wondering whose house we were on anyway. What would we find if we entered the house? Some windows which clearly led to the attic were accessible from the roof, but the windows were obviously much too small. I scooted to the edge of the roof, from where I gauged that we were about three stories high. What a dilemma – we couldn't go through the windows and we were too high to jump off.

Also on the roof clung a small kitten which appeared to be having a difficult time of it, slipping precariously toward the edge.

Although I thought a gutter on the

roof's edge would prevent the kitten from falling, I was still worried about it.

When I suddenly heard someone yell my name, I looked across the street and descried my parents, as well as my sister, standing together. One was holding my sister's pet dachshund, Duke, straight up in the air and hollering, "Oh, Steven."

Dream of: 12 December 1981
"Mental Telepathy"

I was showing Bertie Roe-Boggs (a Portsmouth, Ohio acquaintance whom I met around 1977) a trick by which I could hold my fingers in a certain way so that one of my fingers appeared to be cut in half. But I wasn't doing the trick correctly and she couldn't really tell what it was supposed to look like.

Bertie began doing some tricks with her hands, moving her hands around.

Apparently she was trying to do the same trick, but was unsuccessful. She didn't seem to know what she was doing. Finally she said, "Oh, I didn't do it right."

I sat quietly until I began to think I was able to perform real magic with my hands. In fact, it seemed that one of my hands came out of my mouth. Bertie, however, didn't see anything. I sat back still and quiet and shut my eyes. Bertie also continued sitting there.

I seemed to sense my brother Chris nearby; I seemed to be communicating to him through some kind of mental telepathy. I wanted Bertie to close her eyes and also try communicating with him.

Dream of: 13 December 1981 "The Unbridgeable Gulf"

Late at night, I was relating one of my dreams to someone. The dream had been quite spiritual. It had seemed as if God had been talking and communicating with me. Although the person to whom I was relating the dream and I seemed to be sitting in chairs outside on the street, living room furniture was arranged all around us, as if we were inside a house. As I continued recounting my dream, my father abruptly walked out of his bedroom, visibly angered by what I was doing, and aggressively approached me.

I immediately rose, moved close to him and told him I thought God communicated with me through my dreams. At the same time, I reached out my hands and pulled him so close to me that our faces were practically touching – we were staring at each other right in the eye. As I

relentlessly stared at my father's disapproving face, I felt as if God were speaking to me even now, that God was trying to communicate to my father through me. I said, "There's a great gulf between you and me. The way God communicates to me is through my dreams. And there's nothing that you can do about that."

My father replied, "There's a great unbridgeable gulf between us."

Releasing my hold of my father, I backed away and sat down. I told my father it was possible that God didn't communicate to him through his dreams. My father, who had also sat down, mumbled something, and then grunted, "Well, go on."

I explained further that if God didn't communicate to my father through his dreams, perhaps God

communicated with him during my father's waking moments.

But my father didn't seem particularly interested in what I had to say. He finally rose, retraced his steps to his room and went to bed. After he had departed, I continued thinking about my dream. Wanting to record it on a tape recorder which I had with me, I stood and looked behind the couch for an electrical socket into which I could plug the recorder.

Dream of: 13 December 1981 (2)
"Turned Out"

Some people were losing their homes. The owner of the house where I was living was about to lose his. He began praying to God about it, saying, "Please don't let it happen to me. I'm not ready to be turned out yet."

Dream of: 13 December 1981 (3)
"Dancing On The Counter"

Another fellow and I were in a car which I was driving. We had drunk considerable alcohol together. I pulled into a carry out, got out of the car and walked inside, where I ordered a fifth of vodka. But I had a difficult time pronouncing the word "vodka" and the woman said, "You had a hard time pronouncing that didn't you?"

I thought she was implying that I was having difficulty pronouncing the word because I wasn't old enough to buy alcohol. I replied, "No. Do you want to see my ID. I'm 29 years old." I then asked her how much the vodka would cost. She told me it would be \$12.97 and then she went back to find a bottle for me. I followed her until she walked into a back room. I waited for her beside a counter.

She brought out a bottle of the brand name "Dewar's" which only contained 19 ounces. After looking at the bottle, I decided to take it. But then I asked her if she had a full fifth or a full quart. I went ahead and paid her the \$12.97. Then she told me she did have some other bottles of a brand called something like "Albert's." She told me it would be the same price. After she walked into the back room again, I climbed up on two stools beside the counter and finally onto the counter and began dancing around. Another fellow was in the room watching me. Finally I knocked over a bottle of pop sitting on the counter. I jumped down from the counter and caught the bottle, but not before some of the pop had spilled out. The woman came back into the room and I was afraid I had spilled some of the pop on her new linoleum.

I couldn't see the floor well because it was rather dark behind the counter, but I said, "No, no. I'm sure this is the section where the linoleum hadn't been put down yet."

She then turned on the light and we saw that the pop indeed had fallen on a section of the floor where the linoleum hadn't yet been put down.

Dream of: 13 December 1981 (4)
"Bribing God"

As I was sitting in the driver's seat of a car, waiting for a red light to change, I began thinking of a legal case which I was going to try in court. I thought about praying to God to help me with the case, but then I decided praying for such a thing would be like wilily trying to bribe the judge. The analogy seemed so apropos to me, I felt uneasy about praying to God for such a thing. It

seemed in a sense, I would be attempting to bribe God to help me in the case.

Dream of: 15 December 1981 "All The Truths"

I was sitting in the front row of the classroom at Baylor Law School where I had taken my Property classes. The class was full, but the professor hadn't yet arrived. Instead of benches in the room, there were desks. My desk was turned facing a desk where Donna was sitting. As she and I talked, I felt a strong need to urinate. I reached under the desk and pulled out my penis, thinking I would urinate a little right here just to relieve the pressure. After some of the urine had come out, Donna looked at me with an incredulous smile on her face and said, "You peed on me."

I looked down at her leg and shoe, saw they were wet and said, "Oh no." I pulled my penis back into my pants, zipped up my pants and said, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry."

I stood up; I felt as if everyone in the class knew what had happened; but apparently they didn't know.

McSwain walked into the room and onto the stage in the front of the room. Donna joined him on the stage and asked him if he wanted a Christmas card. As I began walking toward the door in the back of the room, I heard McSwain say he didn't want a Christmas card. Which set me to thinking – if everyone in the room were to donate fifty cents for a card, about thirty dollars could be collected. Thirty dollars could buy a nice present. A collection could be taken in every class to buy a present

for every professor. Should I try to undertake such a collection?

As I was walking toward the door, it seemed as if I were pulling the electric cord for a vacuum sweeper. When I reached the door and stepped out, I let the cord go. The cord automatically pulled back. As I shut the door behind me, I heard a snapping sound in the classroom from the cord. I also heard someone in the class say, "What was that?"

Once outside in the hall, I stooped over to listen through the vents in the door, to see if anyone was talking about my having urinated in the room. I listened for a minute, but didn't hear anything. I had left my books in the classroom, but I wasn't going to go back inside the room until the class was over.

As I waited for the class to end, a man who looked as if he were a sheriff walked around the corner from the direction of the front door of the school. He had two small brown dogs with him.

I turned my eyes from the man as students began walking out of the classroom; when I looked again for the man, one of his dogs was hanging in mid-air in front of a door which led to a ladies restroom. The sheriff walked up the stairs with the other dog, apparently going to the restroom upstairs.

Donna walked up beside me. Referring to the dog hanging in mid-air, I said, "Look at that." We both stared at the dog, unable to understand how it could be hanging in mid-air. I thought the dog might be a watch dog. Finally the dog seemed

to just slide down to the floor. The door to the restroom opened and a girl walked out. Just as the door was about to shut, the dog slipped inside the restroom. I couldn't understand what the dog was doing. I wanted to go in the restroom to see what was going on, but Donna didn't want to. I turned to another person in the hall and began talking about the United States Constitution. I began reciting what seemed like a poem about the Constitution. When I was close to the end of the poem, I said something like, "Although the students, although they do not necessarily believe in all the truths that herein stand ... "

Dream of: 16 December 1981

"Unplugged Phone"

I was living in Mexico where I was attending a school. Although the place where I lived had two large

wings and reminded me of a castle, my room was quite ugly, and I didn't like living there. I decided to look for another place to live and found a small room which measured about two by two and a half meters. Another fellow was also living in the room, and he reminded me of someone I knew named Marvin. Since we were in Mexico, I was uncertain he would speak English. When I discovered that he spoke English perfectly, I concluded that we could live in the room together.

The phone rang in the next room and the fellow went to answer it. The fellow talked for a while on the phone, and when he returned, he told me it had been my father, and that he (the fellow) had told my father I was thinking of moving into the room with him (the fellow). That made me angry,

because I didn't want my father to know anything about my business. I myself got on the phone, called my father, and told him that I needed some money. Although I didn't really want to move into the new room, I told my father about it. My father said things had begun to be quite expensive and he mentioned something about my finding a job. I responded sarcastically, "I cannot get a job, and continue to study 18 hours a day in law school."

But then I added, "Well, I can go out and get a job."

I didn't know if I wanted to continue studying in law school. Thinking I could go out and find a job, I reminded my father that he had previously told me I wouldn't have to worry about money while I was in law school, that somehow he would take

of that, and that I shouldn't even concern myself about it. I told him I didn't have any money now, and I had to start thinking about working. I continued by saying I didn't want to live in this small room. Suddenly, however, I realized the phone connection had been broken. I looked at the tangled phone cord which had come loose from the wall. Looking more closely, I saw a small baby playing with the unplugged cord. When I picked up the baby and put it over to the side, some other people in the room began looking strangely at me. I plugged the phone back in, but it was too late. I only heard static on the line. Clearly my father had already hung up.

Dream of: 16 December 1981 (2)
"Evil Ghost"

I had left the room and was driving on a road. A car pulled up behind me and followed me. Actually it seemed more as if I were watching a movie about a man driving a car, and about a car which was following him. The camera focused in on the lead car. Besides the man driving the car, a man wearing a hood was sitting in the back seat. Although his face was almost completely covered by the hood, part of his face could be seen, and it was completely white. He almost looked like an evil ghost. While the conductor (who resembled me) continued driving on the road, it became clear that the car behind him was going to do something. Finally the car in the rear pulled up beside the car in front. Two people in the rear car pulled out guns. They didn't actually want to shoot the driver of the lead car, they just wanted to

scare him. Finally the rear car pulled around in front of the lead car and bumped into it. The driver in the lead car swerved, then continued down the road.

Three men were standing in the road ahead of the car. One was pouring gasoline on the road to try to cause cars to wreck. Another man lay down on the road as if he had been in a car accident. When the driver of the car saw them, he thought, "This is funny because there's no traffic around here."

It looked as if the men in the road were preparing an ambush.

Dream of: 16 December 1981 (3)
"Fear Versus Fear"

On a movie screen I saw a list of law cases. There were two pages of citations for law cases. One case was

a federal case. I continued looking down the list of cases until I saw one styled "Fear versus Fear." Another case was styled "Fear versus (something else)." It looked as if many of the cases had something to do with fear.

I began thinking about fear and it seemed as if I were reading a book or watching a movie. I saw the image of a decrepit man who seemed to have something wrong with him. He seemed to have some humps on his hips. Some exercise music was playing and the man appeared to have been exercising.

Someone in the background was talking about fear. I turned the page and saw the same man, only now in different clothes so his deformities were somewhat covered up. He had been exorcised and looked somewhat better. I turned the page again and

saw that he looked even better.
Something was obviously still wrong
with him, but he had managed to hide
it.

I next saw a scene as if on a movie. A
woman said something to the effect
that if you are taking a shower in the
morning and shots fly by you, then
you are not unprotected.

Dream of: 28 December 1981
"Visiting Vietnam"

I was in Vietnam after the Vietnam
War had ended. Apparently the
Americans had won the war, but
there was still considerable
resistance. There was still mopping
up to be done. I was in the front room
of a house with some other people.

The curtains in the room didn't
completely cover the windows. It was
dangerous having the windows

uncovered like that and the others seemed nervous because the windows were uncovered. I mentioned that I sometimes made collages and that I could make a collage to completely cover the window so no one could see in. The others thought that was an excellent idea.

Someone said they already had a picture set which I could use with which to work on the window. I walked over to the window and looked out. A woman in the room said something about there being a cat house next door. When I looked outside, where it was daylight, I noticed many women in the street. I asked the others if it would be all right for me to step out onto the porch. They said it would probably be all right. They said it wouldn't be the smartest thing in the world to do, but that it would probably be safe.

I stepped out onto the porch which reminded me of a porch on a building in an old west town. The sidewalk was part of the porch. Tables were set up all around on the porch/sidewalk and many people (mostly women) were sitting at them. Most had black hair and appeared to be Japanese.

I myself wasn't a soldier but was just visiting. I didn't have short hair like a soldier, but instead had rather long hair. To my left I saw a couple of women who appeared to be Americans playing dominoes. One looked up and said, "Why it's just absolutely beautiful."

I looked around me as if looking for the person she was talking about. But I knew she was talking about my hair. I walked up to her and said, "You're in law school."

She smiled. I then realized I was in the past and she hadn't yet started law school. She didn't know what I was talking about. I asked her what her name was and she said it was "Angie."

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96. [25 January 1981 "Skiing Class"](#)
97. [22 January 1981 "Plate Of Food"](#)
98. [21 January 1981 \(3\) "Dance Group"](#)
99. [21 January 1981 \(2\) "Fatherless Child"](#)
100. [21 January 1981 "Rules Of Grammar"](#)
101. [20 January 1981 \(2\) "El Mundo"](#)
102. [20 January 1981 "Unable To Accept Criticism"](#)

- 103.[19 January 1981 "Center Of Attention"](#)
- 104.[18 January 1981 "Baby For Sale"](#)
- 105.[17 January 1981 "Heading To Law School"](#)
- 106.[10 January 1981 "New Project"](#)
- 107.[09 January 1981 "Roasted Alive"](#)
- 108.[08 January 1981 \(3\) "House On Fire"](#)
- 109.[08 January 1981 \(2\) "Tidal Wave"](#)
- 110.[08 January 1981 "Unable To Connect"](#)
- 111.[07 January 1981 \(2\) "The Lord's Name"](#)
- 112.[07 January 1981 "Contact"](#)
- 113.[06 January 1981 \(2\) "Orange Felt Pen"](#)
- 114.[06 January 1981 "Bred To Kill"](#)

- 115.[05 January 1981 \(2\)](#)
["Surrounded By Flutes"](#)
- 116.[05 January 1981 "Learning](#)
[English"](#)
- 117.[02 January 1981 \(4\) "Broken](#)
[Wings"](#)
- 118.[02 January 1981 \(3\) "Invited To](#)
[Play Music"](#)
- 119.[02 January 1981 \(2\) "Headed To](#)
[Law School"](#)
- 120.[02 January 1981 "Out Of](#)
[Breath"](#)

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